

THE WAR \$ CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 34.

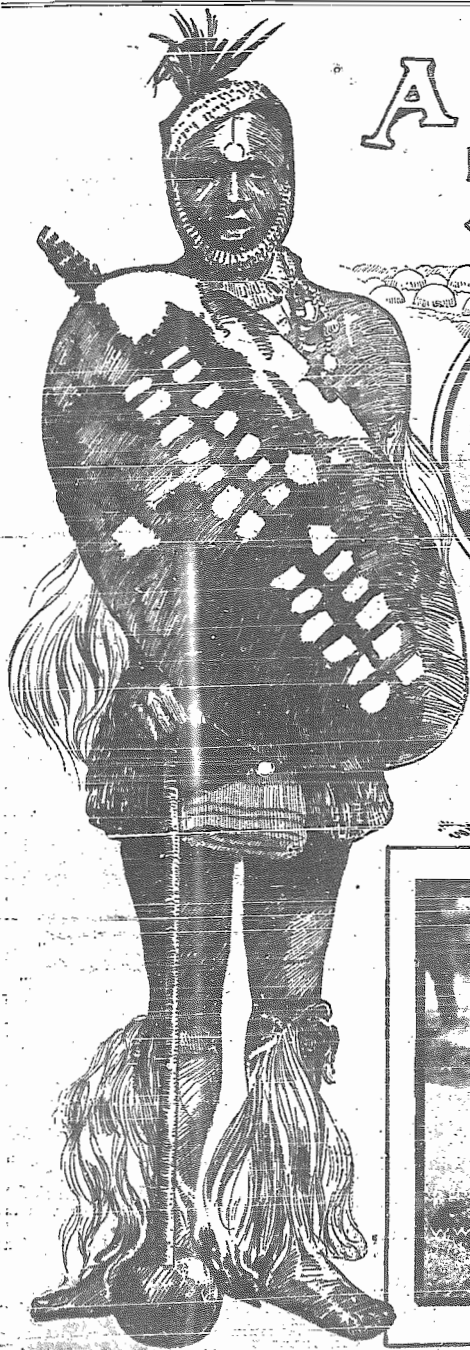
WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1906.

THOMAS R. COOMBS,
Comptroller.

Price 5 Cents.

A SKETCH of ZULU LIFE



A ZULU WITCH-DOCTOR



ZULU WOMEN GRINDING CORN

YOUR NEED AND MINE.

Grace when the sun is shining, Lord;
 Grace when the sky is black;
 Grace when I get an unkind word;
 Grace on the too-smooth track.

Grace when I'm elbowed into a nook;
 Grace when I get my turn;
 Grace when the dinner will not cook;
 Grace when the fire won't burn.

Grace when my duties all go wrong;
 Grace when they all seem right;
 Grace when it's gladness, praise, and song;
 Grace when I have to fight.

Grace when my dress is fresh and new;
 Grace when it's worn and old;
 Grace when my purse is empty, too;
 Grace when it's full of gold.

Grace when the midnight hours I tell;
 Grace when the morn is nigh;
 Grace when I'm healthy, strong, and well;
 Grace when I come to die.

What it is to be Lost.

Lost souls! Can you get a faint idea of the measureless depths of meaning in those two small words? What oceans of tears! What overwhelming bursts of wailing and gnashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost. No chance for a light to shine out from their devil-begirt, furnace-heated, pall-shrouded, downward, outward, hellward pathway! Lost to happiness and holiness! Lost to God and the redeemed! Lost to heaven and hope! Lost! and no hope of ever being found! Not one dim, distant hope of ever being anything but more hopelessly, ruinously, despairingly lost during all the eternities to come!

From woe to more woe; misery to misery; ever, always lost! Lost, because they would be lost. Lost, while their bosom friend was found! Lost while Jesus was seeking them, and found them, lost; but they would not be found! They gained the world, and lost their souls! They gained the shadow and lost the substance; gained the briars and lost the flower; gained famine and lost plenty; gained foes and lost a friend; gained eternal damnation and lost eternal life.

Lost amid the outer darkness! Lost in the smoke of torment! Lost in the lake of fire and brimstone! Lost amid the howling of myriads of tormenting devils, the shrieks of the damned, "a horrible tempest," ten thousand thunders! Lost! Lost! Lost! The bells of eternity are tolling the requiem. Time warns you—hail you and your loved ones be lost? Decide now, while Jesus calls, or you are lost.—A. on.

How God Saved a Sailor.

Brief Sketch of Capt. George Collins, of the Food and Shelter Depot, St. John's, N.B.

To begin with, George was bent on roving, and in spite of the protestations of his parents, he left home at the age of sixteen. His father tried to induce him to stay on the farm by offering him a good start in life, but so full was he of desire to see the world that nothing would deter him from carrying out his purpose. Away from the old home, he soon forgot his early training, and learned to swear and smoke, thinking he could not be a man without indulging in those habits. The dancing hall became a great attraction. Soon after, he took to a seafaring life, and had many hair-breadth escapes out on the ice fields hunting seals. One spring, while out on the ice, the Spirit of God strove with him, and he felt very miserable over his sinful condition. In the lonely night watches he imagined he could see the gates of hell swung wide open to receive his guilty soul. On the return trip the ship put in at Channel, and here George met the Army. He went to a meeting there and got converted. A great struggle then took place. He was sailing with an ungodly crew, and found it hard to serve God. God helped him, however, supplied him with grace suffi-

cient to withstand every temptation. After a while he became a soldier of the Salvation Army, applied for the work, and was accepted. The Captain is now engaged in useful and blessed service for the Master in the S. A. Food and Shelter Depot of St. John's, Newfoundland.

Found Peace in Helena.

I was born in Denmark in 1881, emigrated to the United States in 1902, and started out

working with rail-
 roaders, campers,
 and miners. I be-
 came very fond of
 American whiskey.
 One night I had
 been in a gambling
 den and lost all I
 had. Without
 friends, money, and
 very little clothes, I
 needed some one to
 help me. I stood on
 the street corner,
 feeling destitute and
 forsaken, when sud-
 denly I heard some-
 one singing, "Jesus
 waits to pardon you." My English was very
 poor at that time, and I could not understand
 fully what they meant, but the word "pardon"
 impressed me. I consulted the dictionary and
 found it was "forgiveness." Surely there was
 no forgiveness for me. Then one of the offi-
 cers began to sing—

"When my life-work is ended and I cross
 the swelling tide.

When the bright and glorious morning I
 shall see,

I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the
 other side.

And His smile will be the first to welcome
 me."

The Spirit of God took hold of me, and I
 well remember how I trembled under its
 mighty influence. I followed the march to
 the meeting and constituted their crowd that
 night, with the exception of another drunk
 who came in for a few minutes and went out
 again. However, the five comrades went on
 with the meeting and preached and prayed as
 if the hall was full. Although I could not
 understand half they said, the meeting had its
 effect, the seed was sown and fell upon good
 ground. I was persuaded that these people
 were desperately concerned about my soul.
 The following Sunday night I went again to
 the meeting, and was led to the penitent form,
 where I found rest to my weary soul.

For three years I have found Jesus to be
 a Friend Who is able to keep me from falling.
 And I thank God He ever raised up the Sal-
 vation Army and sent two blood-washed war-
 riors to proclaim the good news on the streets
 of Helena, Mont.—Lieut. G. Peterson, Burk's
 Falls.

DON'T WAIT FOR FEELING.

A wealthy dealer in land was present one
 night at a service in Dr. Torrey's Chicago
 church.

"Are you a Christian?" the evangelist
 asked him afterwards.

"No," was the reply. "I should like to be
 a Christian, and hope to become one some
 time or other."

"But why not to-night?" queried Dr. Tor-
 rey.

"I haven't the feeling of the conviction of
 sin," came the answer.

"Don't you know that you are a sinner,
 that Jesus Christ died for your sins, and that
 if you accept Christ He will save you just as
 you are?"

"I haven't the feeling."

"Both the feeling!" retorted the evangeli-
 st; "it's a question of common sense. Sup-
 pose a man came to your office to offer you a
 plot of land worth \$5,000, which you knew
 would eventually be worth \$20,000, would you

feel like buying it or would you refuse it?"
 "I would buy it, feeling or no feeling,
 eagerly."

"Will you accept Jesus Christ, feeling or
 no feeling?" said Dr. Torrey, driving the point
 home.

"I will," he declared promptly.

The man afterwards became a trustee of
 the church and a staunch worker.—Vena
 Moore.

A New Development.

A Bandmaster's Training Session at the Staff
 Lodge.

That intimate knowledge which our leaders
 possess of what is required to achieve the very
 best results in Army warfare was expressed
 itself in a new and thoroughly practical form,
 when Bandmasters from some of the leading
 corps in England were permitted to enjoy a
 special session of training at the Staff Lodge,
 Clapton.

The week's agenda touched the life of a
 Bandmaster at all essential points. Begin-
 ning with himself, the basis of instruction
 was broadened to embrace his home, the band,
 the corps, and the Army generally.

Individual thoroughness and efficiency were
 enforced equally with the sacredness and dis-
 cipline of the home; then, coming nearer to
 the "business" side of Bandmastership, lec-
 tures were given on musical expression; the
 tuning of instruments; the correct rendering
 of music; instrumentation; the care of instru-
 ments; Band Regulations; and a Bandmas-
 ter's relation to singing in all its branches.

The devotional exercises of a band led up
 to the Doctrines of the Army and the prin-
 ciples of Army government, and hints were
 also given on how to deal with backward
 players.

The Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth
 found time to address the Bandmasters, and
 their powerful and practical talks served as
 a crowning piece to the whole.

"IT IS NOT MY BUSINESS."

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to
 aid in a series of temperance meetings, but
 he scornfully refused. Being pressed, he said:
 "Gentlemen, it is not my business."

A few days later his wife and two daughters
 were coming home on the lightning express.
 In his grand carriage, with liveried attend-
 ants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his
 splendid business and planning for the mor-
 row. Hark! Did some one say "Accident"?
 There are twenty-five railroads centring in
 St. Louis. If there had been an accident it is
 not likely to have occurred on the ——— and
 Mississippi Railroad. Yet it troubles him.
 It is his business now. The horses are stopped
 on the instant, and on enquiry he finds that
 the accident has occurred twenty-five miles
 distant of the ——— and Mississippi. He
 telegraphs to the superintendent:

"I will give you \$500 for an engine."
 The answer flashes back, "No."

"I will give you \$1,000 for an engine!"

A train with surgeons and nurses has al-
 ready gone forward, and we have no others."

With white face and anxious brow, the
 man paced the station to and fro. In a half
 hour, perhaps, which seemed to him half a
 century, the train arrived. He hurried toward
 it, and in the tender found the mangled bodies
 and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his
 daughters. In the car following lay the other
 daughter with her dainty ribs crushed in, and
 her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whiskey, which was drunk fifty
 miles away by a railroad employe, was the
 cause of the catastrophe.

Who dare say this tremendous question:
 "It is not my business?"

"Prayer is the first thing, the second thing,
 the third thing necessary to a minister. Pray,
 then, my dear brother—pray, pray, pray."—
 E. Payson.

"Is Father in the Harbor? Answer!--George."

By Colonel John Lawley.

"They counted not their lives dear unto them."

The associations of the above telegram are engraven in big letters upon my heart. I do not think time will ever erase or the long eternity obliterate them. They are written there for ever.

I wish I could describe the picture as I saw it. I wish I could write so that you could see it as I did. Agonies were wrung from broken hearts. The hot, scalding tears which fell from the eyes of those fathers, mothers, and children were almost, if not quite, tears of blood.

In your imagination, travel with me to a small fishing village on the east coast of England. I will try and picture the scene! There is nothing extraordinary about the village. Yet at the time of which I write almost every eye in the civilized world was turned towards its fisher huts, and every heart that has sympathy with deeds of daring, with acts of heroism, was beating with tenderness towards its inhabitants.

A terrible gale was raging. The coast was storm-swept, the ocean, with its foam-capped billows, told its own tale. The monster breakers, as they rolled against the cliffs, described in unmistakable language the havoc that was being wrought. The wind was irresistible, destruction followed in its train, both upon land and water. The darkness could be felt. Not a star was to be seen. Most of the villagers were at home, and, as the gale increased in fury, they retired to rest, thanking God for a shelter from the bitter blast.

I have said that most of the villagers were at home. But not all. A few refused the warmth of the fireside and the companionship of their loved ones. They were watchers along the shore—life-boat men on duty—men of whom the world may well be proud. How could they sleep? They might be needed. It was cold, bitterly cold, but they did not appear to feel it. Their "sou'westers" were tightly tied, their oilskins defied the pelting rain. They were ready.

At times they impatiently paced up and down the shore. Now they would stand and look into the darkness, an expression of wonderment filling their eyes. They talked of the poor chances any ship had of living in such a gale, or of escaping the treacherous sands. As they talked they prayed that God would pity and protect those who were on the sea fighting the dangers of that terrible night. As they walked, and talked, and watched, they fancied they saw a signal—a signal of distress. They looked again. "There it is!" they said to each other. "A signal! A signal of distress! And right in the direction of the sands!"

Now the call to launch the boat was sounded. The warrior-men of Caister cried, "We are not only wanted—we are ready!"

True, it was one of the worst gales that had ever swept the coast! True, it was one of the darkest nights that had ever experienced! True, it looked as if they were plunging into the jaws of death! True, the storm appeared stronger than the strongest! But what cared they? They were bound to the rescue.

Looking like some great angel of mercy, the life-boat pointed in the direction of the wreck, and asked to be hurried to the rescue.

Wives were kissed, children embraced, mothers blessed. Seats were taken, oars gripped. The coxswain gave the signal. "Heave her off, lads!" was heard above the roar of the raging waters, and quicker than I can write that blessed, brave band of men were committed to the sea.

A few plyings of the oars and they were out of sight, followed by the kisses and prayers of their friends, who set themselves to watch and wait for their return.

The storm had not spent itself. The gale grew in force, the wind in strength, the sea in anger, the breakers in fury. The hours dragged heavily. The prospect of the Caister men's return was freely discussed. Alas! It seems too cruel to write, too terrible to tell, too dreadful to put on paper; but the watchers looked in vain. The noble heroes of the Caister lifeboat never returned. The dawning of the day revealed one of the most heart-rending sights that earth has ever beheld. The life-boat had capsized, and the men had



Who Will Volunteer to Slay the Monster, Sir?

been thrown into the tempestuous ocean.

The news was telegraphed east, west, north, and south. Placarded by every newspaper, it read, "Fearful disaster at sea! Wreck of a life-boat!"

Amongst those who read the news was a young man away in the North of Scotland. He knew the scene of the disaster well. His father was there with the Scotch fishing fleet. Reading the dreadful news, his heart filled with fear as he asked himself again and again, "What about father! I wonder: has he perished?" Hurrying to the nearest telegraph office he wired his mate, "Is father in the harbor? Answer!—George."

What an inquiry that was! How full of tenderness! Every word throbbed with love. "Is father in the harbor?" What reply the young man received I do not know. Perhaps his father perished. I hope not.

But let me ask you: Is your father! mother! brother! sister! friend! in the harbor? Or, are they outside tossed about by the storm? The sky is starless, the waves roll high, the currents are treacherous. Slowly but surely

they are being driven towards the terrible shoals, and unless rescued must perish eternally.

Not in the harbor? How terrible! The tide of temptation has proved too much for them. Unless some hand is stretched out to save, or some strong swimmer plunges in from the shore, or some boat of mercy puts out to them, perish they must.

Are you prepared to let them die?

Don't hesitate because it is dangerous. Don't refuse to go because others have lost their lives.

The fact that those dear fellows perished in the Caister catastrophe will not be taken as an excuse for others holding back! No! No!! No!!!

No such excuse was ever contemplated by life-boat men, for it is still a fact that when necessity calls, and the signal of distress flies, life-boats are launched and perishing mariners are saved.

It is quite true that the tens perish, but tens of thousands are saved. No one in their proper senses would suggest, because this unfortunate disaster occurred, that life-boats should be docked, crews disbanded, and no more risks taken to save the storm-tossed sailor. No! The world still cries, and rightly so, "We must have more boats! More volunteers! The vacant places must be filled; perishing men and women and children must be saved."

And it is so with the urgent business we have in hand. A few of our precious comrades have been swept away by fever, carried away by cholera, or stricken by that dread disease, consumption. Some of our bravest and best have been sacrificed in the storm. But they would, perhaps, have perished just the same if they had stopped at home.

The twos and tens have died, but thousands whom they saved live! Live! Live!! Eternally live!!! Mrs. Booth, our precious Army Mother, the beloved Consul, Commissioner James Dowdle, Colonel James Barker, and a thousand others answered the call. They took their seats in the life-boat; they did their duty. And now they have escaped from the dangers, and may be found on the promenade decks of the Palace Steamers of Glory, cruising about the seas which know no storm.

The old Gospel life-boat, in answer to the signals of distress, is about to put off once more. But she is short of her crew. There are life-belts without wearers, oars without willing hands to pull! Seats without occupants! She is only partially manned. There is a seat for you. What will you do?

Jesus left the stormless shores of the Sunny Land long, long ago. He put off in the darkest waters, the strongest current, for "when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, His own eye pitied, and His own arm brought salvation."

Courage! Courage!! Courage!!! Leap to your feet as you read! And cry in the ears of the Captain, who has wounded hands, weary feet, marred visage, scarred brow, and broken heart:—

"Here am I, Lord, send me!"

BEGIN AT ONCE.

A young man who had heard the Gospel, accepted Christ. A little while after this he was asked:

"What have you done for Christ since you believed?"

He replied: "Oh, I am a learner."

"Well," said the questioner, "When you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable, or that it may give light?"

He replied: "To give light."

He was asked: "Do you expect it to give light after it is half burned, or when you first light it?"

He replied: "As soon as I light it." "Very well," was the reply; "go thou and do likewise. Begin at once."—Vena.

"I should not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary, that you should drivél-down into a king."—C. H. Spurgeon to his son.

Salvation Warfare Amongst the Zulus.

In view of the fact that the Zulu race is, essentially a warlike nation, and that there is no human passion more blinding and overpowering when once aroused than blood lust, it is a matter of grave concern that no less than seven of our native settlements and societies are located in the disturbed area in Natal.

We have been informed that Adj. and Mrs. Carleton, of the Kibbey Settlement, had to vacate their home at midnight and hurry into a laager—a fort improvised of wagons and hastily collected materials—leaving their goods and chattels to the mercy of the marauding natives; also that Capt. Chard was obliged to leave the Hulett Settlement. It is to be hoped that the unrest will speedily subside.

The present trouble seems to be caused by the imposition of a poll tax upon the natives with a view to creating more industrious habits. The fact is that life comes so easy to them, their wants being few and simple, that they scarcely need to toil for their livelihood. The soil in the districts where they are situated is very rich. Their clothing consists of the very scantiest garments or skins. Until recently they paid a trifling hut tax of fourteen shillings a year only, and can be truly described as a people without care. The annual amount paid in hut taxes is about \$400,000.

Bartering for Wives.

In their domestic life the natives appeal most powerfully to the interest of the white man. They are polygamists, and live in locations under the domination of their own chieftains, who are again subject to the white magistrates. They follow the old patriarchal style of existence. Cattle are used by them as currency, and girls are bartered. The amount of cattle given for a wife ranges, according to her station in life, from six to fifty head—the usual number is about fifteen.

As a natural result of barbarism, there is much superstition extant amongst them. The Zulu believes in witchcraft, prophecy, love-philtres, and such like. He is firmly fixed in his own mind that the witch doctors and sangomas (female divines) have power to bring rain, to trace spells of witchcraft, to heal by incantation, and to perform sundry other wonders and miracles.

Zulu Witch Doctors.

In fact, it has been reported that in the present trouble the natives have been freely discussing the marvelous effects supposed to have been produced by the witch doctors on Bambaata's men. It appears that several of the latter have had remarkable escapes, and the natives now believe that the witch doctors' magic turns the white men's bullets. This throws an interesting sidelight on the native mind, which in the present crisis deserves consideration in view of the possibility of the more credulous natives being influenced by such beliefs into rebellion. "One wizard," says a newspaper correspondent, "is of wide fame among the Zulus, whose accounts represent him as invoking the heavens to make the lightning descend. On the arrival of the band of outlaws in the Nkanchi district, it is said that the doctor actually did so. It seems incredible, but the whole district for miles and miles is studded with metallic outcrops, and Bambaata's familiar knew the properties of atmospheric electricity."

The natives dwell in beehive huts, which are built in circles, the central portion of each kraal or village being occupied by their cattle. They are not great as workers of metal, but show an inventive talent for wood and bone carving, mat-making, tanning, and pottery. Some of their necessary household utensils display considerable artistic merit, but alas! some of their habits are very displeasing, one of which is the smoking "isangu" or "daka."

Physically, the Zulus are a robust and well-built race, they are above the medium height, light, active, and excellent runners. The pre-

vailing tint is a dark chocolate-brown. The ordinary dress of the men consists of some strips of fur tied round the waist, while the women wear a short skin petticoat. But the gala and royal dresses are very elaborate.

The Zulu weapon is the assegai, a light, thrusting spear, of which several are taken to the field by each warrior. The body is protected by a long ox-hide shield, which is colored according to the regiment of the owner.

The following account of a visit paid by the Editor of the South African War Cry to some of the Salvation Army Settlements in these troubled districts is very interesting:—

"Soon after arriving in this country we accompanied the Commissioner on a visit to two of our Native Settlements, a description of which will perhaps be found interesting.

At Chaka's Grave.

The first is named the Hulett Settlement, after a prominent politician of Natal, who owns extensive tea estates, and upon whose land the Settlement is located.

"We left Durban early on a Wednesday morning by train for Stanger, at which place, by the way, the chief, Chaka, is buried, his grave being in the centre of the township, with an acre or so of bush left undisturbed around it.

"During the morning we passed through mile after mile of most lovely and productive country, fruit trees of various kinds and sugarcane predominating in the landscape.

"At Kearnsey the officer in charge of the Settlement met us, and the remainder of the journey was accomplished per bullock cart, with the exception of two short stretches, where the only safe means of transportation was on foot. Our team was young, and only half-broken, and on various occasions essayed to try whether it was not better walking on the yeld than on the road, but as getting to the 'yeld' meant mounting a bank, and the capsize of our chariot, these efforts were strongly opposed by our bullock-puncher, Major Smith—fortunately, with success.

"The Settlement was reached shortly after nightfall. Its situation is very nice. From the summit of the hill upon which it is placed the view is most extensive, and when the bell—each Settlement has a bell for the purpose of announcing its meetings, as the natives generally have a very poor idea of time—rings, out its summons, little parties can be seen leaving the various kraals with which the surrounding heights are crowned, as they make their way to the hall. The Zulu idea is a very good one. When asked why they build their kraals so high up, and give themselves so far to go for water to the valley below, they will tell you you can carry water up a hill, but you cannot carry health to a low situation. The first comer to the meeting was a representative of the head man of the district, sent to welcome the Commissioner.

"A fine crowd assembled at the hall, and a happier band of soldiers it would be difficult to find anywhere. Their prayers, testimonies, and singing were of that simple-hearted and earnest character peculiar to Salvationists of all shades of color. The Commissioner's Bible reading and address were followed with the greatest attention and interest, as what he said was translated by Major Smith. During the prayer meeting two surrendered—a mother and daughter from a neighboring kraal—whose sincerity and earnest desire for salvation were very apparent.

The Catherine Booth Settlement.

"Very shortly after daybreak on the Friday the journey to the second station, named after our Army Mother, the Catherine Booth Settlement, was commenced by a four-mile walk across country to join the bullock cart at a point where the road was good.

"Anything more beautiful or refreshing than this walk could not well be imagined. The early morning sun, not yet strong enough to scorch, shone brightly upon hill and valley,

calling into activity the innumerable forms of life with which they abound.

"The bullock cart reached, and the track being down hill, we quickly passed through the various tea plantations, each with its gang of Indian coolies (men and women) hoeing and digging, reaching the Kearnsey station in good time.

"At Stanger we changed into the main line train for Zululand.

"To say the least of it, a train more than half-filled with Zulus, in all the glory of their heathen dress—or undress—is a sight calculated to create interest. Then at every station there would be a crowd of natives waiting for the train. Those who had been to town and were now returning to their homes could be easily picked out by the motley character of the articles with which they were laden.

"Early in the afternoon the River Tugela, which forms the boundary between Natal and Zululand proper, was crossed, and Inyona, the nearest station to the Settlement, was soon after reached.

A Nerve-Trial.

"Here the Settlement Officer was waiting for us with another ox-cart, ready to commence the journey to the location. For the new chums there were a few minutes of nerve-trial when descending the deep bank of the Amatikulu River, but our pilot was a veteran, and handled his team with skill, bringing us through without turning a hair.

"The corps had assembled, with flag and drum, on the hillside. The vibrations of the latter, and the sound of singing, could be heard a long way off through the clear, still evening air. Then, as the oxen toiled up the hill, and we came into view, the excitement and pleasure of the soldiers found vent in ringing rounds of volleys. As we passed, they fell in behind, and formed a procession for the remainder of the distance.

"Among those who came to welcome the 'Umfundisi Ginkulu' (Great Teacher) was Prince Sugana, a brother of the late King Cetewayo, and uncle to the present Zulu monarch, Dinizulu. A more massive and imposing specimen of the human family could not well be imagined.

Not Out After Dark.

"As it was now late, and the sun was disappearing below the western horizon, we hurriedly partook of the refreshments provided and entered the hall. The Zulus are very much children of nature, and, like the majority, of her offspring, go to bed when she puts out her light. As a rule they are very chary of venturing afield after dark, but the occasion was a special one, and that it was so estimated by the inhabitants of the kraals around was evidenced by the magnificent number who attended the meeting.

"Our own local officers and people were there, of course, in full force, but in addition we had a large and mixed heathen audience. Manumies and young women, venerable ringmen and young sparks, boys and girls, all listening to the proceedings with eager interest, and looking wonderingly at the strangers out of the clear depths of their beautiful and expressive eyes, singing, too, their heartiest and best.

"Prince Sugana, as befitted his royal blood, though all the clothing he could boast of was an old and well-worn waistcoat, and not a too ample piece of bullock-hide, was seated amongst the Umfundisis. It is not every day one is seated next to royalty, and the honor was duly appreciated.

"Although the meeting was continued long after dark, the crowd remained to the finish; indeed, from time to time, fresh comers arrived. The prayer meeting was worthy of more description than we have space for. The soldiers sang and prayed with energy and vigor, whilst the Umfundisis and Zulu officers reasoned with and exhorted the unsaved. A break soon came. First they came in ones and twos to the penitent form, and then there was a rush. A count at the finish gave a total of sixteen, the majority of whom were raw heathen.

A Salvation Missionary.

"It must not be imagined, however, that meetings form by any means the whole, or even the most important duties of an officer engaged in native work. If he is to have any influence with his people, he must be in touch with them at all points. He will be expected to stand in the position of a father to them, and to enter into their troubles and difficulties as if they were his own. He has to teach school during certain hours of the day, so must possess a certain amount of education himself. In many minor matters he will be called upon to act as judge between man and man, in which connection he needs to have the patience of a job in listening to the stories told to him, and the wisdom of a Solomon in fathoming the difficulty and arriving at a decision. He is likely at any moment to be called upon to pull a tooth, doctor a fever, or set a broken limb, to say nothing of treating cases of snake-bite. Cattle diseases are very prevalent in South Africa, and the officer who desires to help his people must possess at least a rough knowledge of these, and the remedies for the same. In short, he has to be a practical man in an all-round sense.

"After visiting this great country, with its mighty hills, lovely flowing and falling rivers and fruitful valleys, one can understand the desire shown by every wandering Zulu to get back to his home and friends as soon as possible."—Social Gazette.

INDIA'S OPEN DOORS.

Colonel Hammond, the Resident Indian Secretary, says:

"There are open doors everywhere, the people are eagerly waiting for a practical religion to be put before them, and like the common people, many of the educated and thinking Hindus are dissatisfied with their old beliefs and anxiously enquire the Way of Life. Personally, I am full of faith that we shall yet have a mighty awakening. Our great need is consecrated officers who will not count their lives dear in taking salvation to the perishing millions of that mighty Empire."

The Colonel has traveled thirty-seven thousand miles on Army business, by steamer, train, canal boat, bullock bandy, horse-back, and camel since June last.

During the course of his business journeys he has had some stirring meetings. At one village in the Punjab a great crowd of all castes came to listen, and at the close twenty-five big Punjabis knelt at the penitent form and publicly sought salvation. Our officers do not experience any difficulty in getting a crowd either in city or village.

The Colonel's Headquarters at Bombay are 1,500 miles from the most distant Territorial Headquarters in the vast Indian Empire, over which he has supervision. This involves a journey of three days and four nights.

The prospects of the Army, he says, are full of wonderful promise. Some important Indian councils with the General and the Chief of the Staff are taking place at I. H. Q., for which the Resident Secretary is now in England.

THE EFFECT OF S. A. SHELTER WORK ON A FRENCH EDITOR.

The new hall and Shelter at Lyons, in the South of France, is already proving the centre of a remarkable salvation movement.

Many wonderful trophies have been captured. One man was engaged in the White Slave Traffic before conversion. Since he came to the penitent form he has made all the amends he could, and has tried to undo as much of the harm he has done as possible. He is likely to make a good soldier.

One of the Lyons papers, when first the question of a Shelter was proposed, refused to accept or insert an advertisement of the opening. Since the Shelter has been opened, however, the collector from Headquarters called, and after stating her case, the same man went out and brought in his little daughter, and handed our officer two one hundred franc notes (about \$40) for the work.

The General at Eastbourne.

Mayor and Corporation Welcome Him—Straight Talk Brings Three Score and Nine to Their Knees.

Eastbourne, called the "Empress" of English seaside resorts, has been mightily stirred and impressed by the General's recent weekend visit.

All classes of society united in giving our leader an enthusiastic welcome. The meetings, which were conducted in the Hippodrome, were crowded; that of Sunday afternoon particularly, being attended by Mayor, Aldermen, Councillors, and a platform of distinguished inhabitants. A fine eulogy to the genius of our General and the marvelous organization of the Army was given by the Mayor. This is all the more gratifying as in earlier years strenuous opposition to our work was offered by those who should have known better in this town.

Saturday night the General gave to his beloved soldiery. They were not slow to take advantage of its privileges, nor did our leader withhold from them some strong meat.

Said he, "It is far too generally thought by people who call themselves Christians that it is quite optional whether they take up any active work for God or not. This is a deception of Satan. I tell you, it is at your peril, if you do anything else. You are as much called to fight and suffer, and to make the saving of souls the chief business of your lives, as I am."

Eastbourne Trophies.

Some splendid trophies of God's wonderful grace are amongst those whom the General is addressing. Here are two examples:

This native of Eastbourne was a homeless outcast before that Sunday afternoon when in rags and dirt he dragged himself into the Army's citadel.

Separated from his wife, he had tramped the country, sleeping in ditches, or wherever night found him. He practically lived on beer, and when "on the spree," never thought of food. At last he became so debased that his own relatives would not give him shelter even for a night. Indeed, the night after his conversion he was without a bed.

But converted he was; the desire for drink had been annihilated; the grace of God transformed him into a sober, God-fearing man; he got reconciled to his wife; and has now got a little home together, and is again a ratepayer in his native town.

Right behind the General sits Tom, the rag-and-bone man. Thirty-nine years a drunkard in Eastbourne, he was a disgrace to the town, and a nuisance to the police. Nine times the magistrates had sent him to prison; but Tom became worse and worse. He possessed only the clothes he stood up in; there was no furniture in the room where he lived, and no bed clothes on his bed.

Three years ago this man came into the citadel, and, being too drunk to walk, he was

led to the penitent form. That night his chains were snapped asunder; Tom, the rag-man, turned his face heavenward, and, instead of slouching along the road with an old sack on his back and a dirty pipe in his mouth, he now goes his rounds in his own donkey cart and has a happy salvation home.

The General's Sunday night meeting was held by divine magnetic spell from start to finish. "Never have we heard the glorious gospel of the cross preached with more urgency, solemnity, and force, or with more beautiful simplicity," says the British War Cry special, who quotes the following sample passage from our leader's sermon:

"Here you are to-night, you sinners who have never bowed your stubborn knees to your God! You have incurred the divine wrath, and stand justly condemned. But tonight I come to you bringing glad tidings of mercy. Your Heavenly Father will forgive your sins and blot them out. Your chains can be broken; you can be made anew on the simple conditions that you forsake your sins and consecrate yourself to the service of God."

The closing personal appeal stirred the soul of every hearer. Sixty-nine men and women responded to it by making choice then and there of salvation and heaven.

HOW A DEVOTED INDIAN WARRIOR WAS WON.

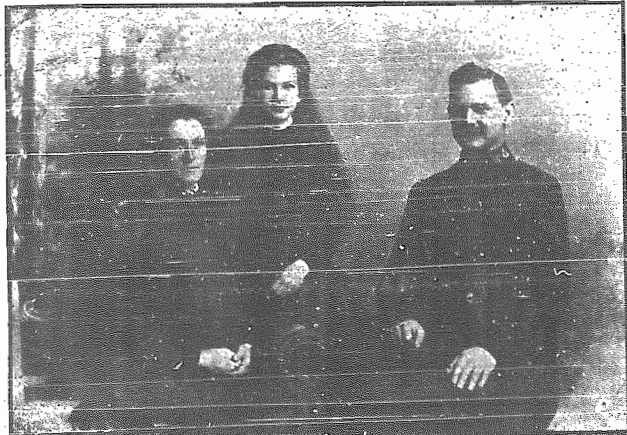
Lieut. Colonel Hira Singh (Hoe) sends some interesting particulars of the life and work of that devoted Indian warrior, Major Deva Sundrum, whose promotion to Glory, after over twenty years' service as an officer, took place recently.

"I have known the Major from the early days of the Indian fight," writes the Colonel, "and I loved him as a friend and a comrade. Just before we left Madras, five weeks ago, we took our final farewell of the dying warrior, pledging ourselves under the flag for service till death. The Major had a fine record of over twenty years' service, and during the past twelve has won his spurs as an unrivalled pioneer. He was the officer who first broke ground in Travancore, and was largely instrumental in laying the foundation of our work there. His faith, his enthusiasm, his daring, were notable, and his voice was ever raised both in council and in the field for aggression and still more aggression.

"An Indian to the backbone, he was ever a true and constant friend to his European comrades, and his counsel and encouragement have again and again helped us on in our times of perplexity or darkness. We mourn him as a dear friend as well as a true comrade.

"As the Major has again and again said, it was the sight of Commissioner Booth-Tucker's bare feet that touched his heart and finally drew him into our ranks.

"The Major's faithful wife, Annal, is a bold and successful officer, a true helpmeet in times gone by to her husband. May God comfort her!"



Colonel and Mrs. Wright and their Daughter.

Cecil, a Commuter of Western Province, England.

Pioneer, New Zealand.

Was Territorial Leader in Japan.

A Warrior of Twenty-four Years' Service.

YOUNG PEOPLES PAGE

The Science of Seismology.

Although the terrible effects produced by earthquakes have in all ages forced themselves upon the attention of man, it is only within the last thirty years that the phenomena have been subjected to exact investigation. The new science thus established is called "seismology."

Accounts of earthquakes are found to be scattered through the writings of many ancient authors, but they are for the most part of little value to the seismologist. There is a natural tendency to exaggeration in describing such phenomenon, sometimes, indeed, to the extent of importing a supernatural element into the description.

Modern seismologists believe that an earthquake is a vibratory motion propagated through the solid materials of the earth, much in the same way that sound is propagated by vibrations in the atmosphere.

But after all that has been written on the subject, little is really known as to the original cause of earthquakes. Perhaps several distinct causes should be recognized. Some suggest that smaller earthquakes, such as are often felt in Germany, may be caused by the roof of enormous subterranean caverns falling in. Others hold the view that water finds its way through fissures in the earth's crust to where highly-heated rocks are lying, the contact of the two producing a great amount of steam, thus disturbing the earth's crust.

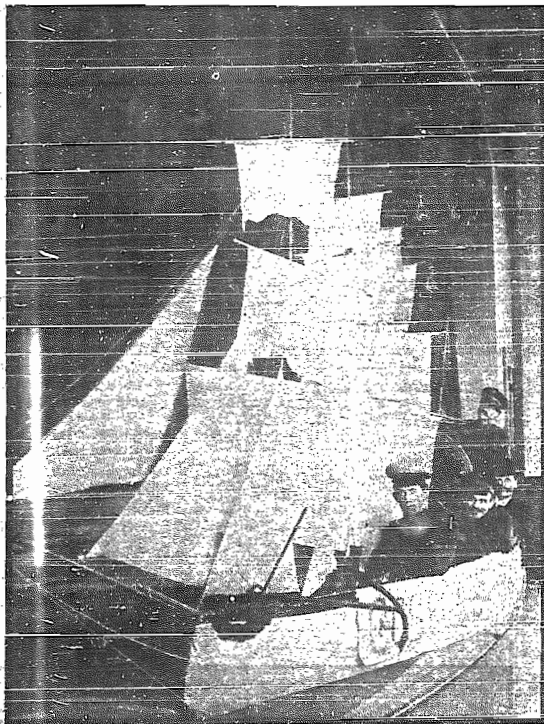
Whatever may be the real origin of the earthquake shock, it is convenient to regard its effects as proceeding from a sudden blow delivered underground at some definite centre. This centre of impulse is called the seismic focus. It is really a subterranean region, which is in many cases of very large dimensions, measuring perhaps some miles in diameter. From the centre waves are propagated in all directions through the solid materials of the earth's crust. Around the centre the particles of rock will first be squeezed together by the concussion, and then separated on account of the elasticity of solid matter. The motion is rapidly taken up by the next set of particles, which in like manner are pushed against each other and then spring apart. In this way the motion may be propagated to an enormous distance, even for hundreds of miles. The mischief of the shock depends upon the rate of movement. The shock of the great earthquake at Naples, in 1857, had a mean velocity at the surface of 788 feet per second. This was sufficient to produce effects of the most disastrous character. When the centre of disturbance is seated beneath the sea, as appears to have been the case with that which produced the great earthquake of Lisbon, in 1755, a great wave of water is the result. As water has less velocity than the earth wave, it does not roll in upon the shore until after the shock has been felt on land. The height of the sea wave depends upon the depth of water. During the Lisbon earthquake the wave at Cadix mounted as high as sixty feet. It is this great sea wave which, breaking upon the shore after the earthquake shock, generally completes the work of devastation. At first the water retreats from the land, but in a few minutes the gigantic wave rolls in and sweeps all before it. The earthquakes which are so frequently felt on the western coast of South Amer-

ica are generally terminated in this manner.

In addition to the waves propagated through earth and sea, it commonly happens that waves are transmitted through the air and thus produce sound. These sound waves, travelling at the rate of about 1,100 feet per second, probably result from the sudden dislocation of masses of rock or from subterranean explosions.

Measuring Results.

Almost every object disturbed by an earthquake may be made use of by observation for the purpose of discovering the direction and intensity of the shock. Special instruments have, however, been constructed for this purpose, termed seismometers, and have assumed considerable variety of form. The simplest consists of a bowl containing a liquid like treacle. On the passage of a shock the liquid rises up one side of the vessel, leaving its mark, to indicate



A Gospel Ship Representation at St. John, N.B.
The crew consists of Ensign Piercey, Capt. Legee and White, and Brother C. McGregor.

roughly the direction and extent of motion. Another seismometer used by a celebrated scientist consisted of a wooden tub having its inside rubbed with chalk and half-filled with colored water. An apparatus much used in Italy is constructed with a shallow dish, having eight notches in the side, and containing mercury up to the level of the lips. When any movement occurs the liquid is split into a series of cups placed under the notches. The quantity ejected, which may be readily weighed, gives some notion of the intensity of the shock. All these instruments depend for their indications on the displacement of liquids by the shock of the earthquake, but it is obvious that the movement of solid bodies may be equally well employed.

SEISMOLOGY AS PRACTICED IN ENGLAND.

How the Records are Made.

Dr. Chree, Superintendent of the National Physical Laboratory at Kew, London, has made the following statement on the manner of recording earth tremors by the seismograph at Kew:



Load from Sturgeon Lake Lumber Co.'s Mill Near Prince Albert.

"One of the scientific purposes served by the use of the seismograph is to throw light on the internal condition of the earth—as to whether it is solid or liquid, or, if solid, whether it is uniform or varying in constitution at different depths or at different parts."

At the Kew Observatory the instrument now in use was set up in 1898, being similar to the one Prof. Milne had in use for some time at Shide in the Isle of Wight. During the past eight years it has recorded 650 earth tremors, including most of the larger disturbances which have been experienced in any part of the earth since 1858—for instance, the great earthquake in Nicaragua and the disturbance due to the eruption of Mont Pelee, which led to the destruction of St. Pierre, in the Island of Martinique, and the earthquake already referred to which took place on January 31st on the same coast line as the calamity reported the other day from Colombia. The records show that the disturbance of Jan. 31st began at 3.45 p.m., and continued until after 6.20.

"The records," continued Dr. Chree, "are made in this way: A horizontal rod, or boom, pivoted at one end, supported by a cord and capable of swinging horizontally, is erected at the basement of the observatory on a pier which passes through the floor and rests on a concrete bed. The boom has at the free end a rectangular plate, with a minute perforation in the centre. A small gas jet is constantly burning over the perforated plate, and sends light through the perforation and past the edges of the plate, falling on bromide of silver photographic paper. The sensitized paper passes below the plate at a uniform rate controlled by clockwork. When the boom is at rest there appears upon the strip of paper a thin, straight line (representing the light which has passed through the perforation) and black bands representing the light which has passed over the edges of the plate. In the event of a seismic disturbance the plate oscillates, and the original narrow straight line widens out, forming a V-shape, the outline according to the amplitude of the vibrations, while corresponding indentations are shown on the edges of the paper.

"The exact situation of a disturbance is ascertained by comparing the time at which corresponding observations are made at other observatories. At each half-hour a small hand comes in front of the light, and interrupts it at one of the marks of the sensitized paper. Should there be a disturbance, say, in the neighborhood of Mont Pelee, the earliest movement would be recorded at Kew before it would reach St. Petersburg, whereas, if it originated in Central Siberia, the earliest records at St. Petersburg would precede those at Kew.

"In Japan there are numerous seismographic observatories, and in Italy as well. It is important to have them in these countries, particularly in Japan, where such tremendous havoc is wrought by earthquakes from time to time. Prof. Milne has done a great deal in the direction of getting seismographs set up in the colonies and in compiling records, which are published annually in the reports of the British Association. On the whole, there is a marvelous agreement between the British records. The number depends upon whether the station is on an alluvial plain or the rock."

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Interesting Paragraphs from all Over the World.

Roses with coal-black petals have been produced by a horticulturist at Savannah, Georgia.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the Province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 broad, and 20 feet in thickness.

There are seventeen mills in Germany engaged exclusively in the manufacture of tissue paper. Germany turns out more tissue paper than any other country in the world.

The Australians are the greatest tea-drinkers in the world, annually consuming 1 1/2 lbs. per head. In England the consumption is about 5/8 lb. per head, and in the United States only 1 lb. 7 oz.

A Berlin doctor laid it down that a piano should never be used by a child under sixteen years of age. Out of 1,000 girls who played before the age of twelve he found 600 cases of nervous diseases.

Horases go cheap in North Morocco. Recently one was sold in Mogador by auction for 4 1/2 pastas, equivalent to about 54 cents in our money. The animal will be used to turn a grinding-stone in a native mill.

India-rubber trees which are tapped every other day continue to yield sap for more than twenty years, and it is a curious fact that the oldest and most frequently-tapped trees produce the richest sap.



Prayer Topic:—That divine blessing and wisdom may be given in all arrangements for summer soul-saving efforts.

Sunday, May 27.—Not to be Driven Away.—Matt. xv. 10-13; Mark vii. 21-22; Matt. xv. 20-30.
Monday, May 28.—A Second Time Fed.—Matt. xv. 29-31; Mark vii. 32-37; viii. 1-9.
Tuesday, May 29.—Beware of Error.—Matt. xvi. 1-3; Mark viii. 10-18.
Wednesday, May 30.—Unanswerable Questions.—Luke ix. 18-19; Matt. xvi. 16-23.
Thursday, May 31.—The Transfiguration.—Luke ix. 28-42.
Friday, June 1.—Power of Faith.—Mark ix. 14-23; Matt. xviii. 20.
Saturday, June 2.—Be Childlike.—Luke ix. 43-44; Mark ix. 31-32; Matt. xvii. 24-27; Mark ix. 33-37.

THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

"His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

"God's own holiness within thee, His own beauty on thy brow—
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, this thy blessed portion now."

There has been much controversy as to what constitutes a consecrated life. With many earnest Christians the question is an unanswered one, and many sincere seekers are living in the shadow of fog, when close to them are the fields of life, light, and peace—the green pastures of spiritual prosperity. Through fear of failure many followers of the Christ do not venture into this happy, useful life of Christian service.

So much has been said and written upon this subject, much that is helpful, inspiring, and instructive, and much that is mystical and perplexing.

I want to outline, briefly and concisely, what this life is, and what it is not, and to point out a few of the outward evidences of a consecrated life. This experience is the birthright of God's children. "He shall save His people from their sins," that "being delivered from our enemies, we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life." Jesus, through His birth, death, and resurrection, purchased this earthly portion as surely as He bought "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven."

In every regenerated heart that has been touched by the Holy Spirit, the desire after perfection is strong. It is the spirit crying out for a deeper knowledge of the Creator, often inspiring prayers like M. Cheyne's, "Lord, make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made."

Human Standards Too High or Too Low.

Now, what do we understand by this holiness? Some teachers place the standard so high that the trembling one, beholding, feels that to attain it is beyond the range of human possibility. Other teachers place it so low that it has no attraction to those whose desires are after a "higher life."

1st. The standard is too high when people say they can be perfect. For instance, there is no perfect teacher, no perfect preacher, no perfect workman, no perfect sister or brother. There can be no such thing as perfection while there is mental imperfection, or imperfection in knowledge, or circumstances, or ignorance of future events; mistakes, and what seem like sins, may happen through any of these causes.

2nd. The standard is too high when people say they can be saved above temptation. Adam was a perfect man, and Eve a perfect woman; they had no hereditary propensities to evil, no unfavorable environment; everything about them was beautiful and elevating, conducive to holiness and happiness—yet they were tempted. Jesus was God as well as man, yet His humanity was tempted, sorely tempted, through the world, the flesh, and the devil; through His ambitions, His affections, and

His appetite. Temptation comes through the senses, for it seems probable that, of the many forms of temptation He passed through, the three of which we are told are selected as specimens, and, if we notice carefully, we shall see that they represent great radical sources of trial to the whole human race. The more fortunate of us, who are brought up in competence, and shielded from want, cannot know the fierceness of the temptation which hunger brings—its driving, maddening power. The second trial was no less universal. It was the temptation to use His sacred and solemn gifts from God for purposes of personal ostentation and display. Whoever is entrusted with power of any kind, or any degree, is subject to the temptation to use it selfishly, rather than divinely. But the last seems to be the most insidious, prompting Him to use His miraculous gifts to form a worldly party, to seize upon all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

The temptation on the mountain, so graphically described by St. Matthew, shows the presumption and subtlety of the enemy we have to meet, when even our Lord, in His humanity, was not exempt from his "fiery darts."

3rd. The standard is too high when people say they cannot fall from it. The angels were perfect, and they fell; Adam and Eve were perfect, and they fell. Our Saviour—Christ Himself—"suffered being tempted," showing that his temptation was a real experience, and only conquered by His struggling and wrestling in agonizing prayer.

(To be continued next week.)

Friendship with Jesus.

By Walter Scott, Brantford, Ont.

"Friendship with Jesus,
Fellowship divine;
Oh, what blessed, sweet communion,
Jesus is a friend of mine."

Can you sing this chorus as your own personal experience? If so, you are living in a good, healthy, spiritual atmosphere; a climate in which the devil's tares cannot grow, and where the withering blasts of hell cannot impede our progress in divine life. It is the blessed privilege of every believing soul to be translated from the miserable, barren, howling wilderness experience, into the Land of Canaan, where they can revel in the corn and wine and goodly heritage of the Kingdom, and hear the sweet singing birds of paradise continually warbling out His glorious proclamation to all the world. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Glory, hallelujah! I heard a professing Christian trying to sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," with a cigar in his mouth, but he made a miserable failure of it—another evidence to me that light and darkness do not co-mingle. Inconsistency is nothing less than hypocrisy, for it is the outcome of a double life.

Jesus says, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," and rightly to know Him and the power of His resurrection, is to keep His commandments and do them, and His commandments are not grievous. I was a complete slave to that obnoxious and degrading weed for over a quarter of a century. I often would shove the pipe and the quid of tobacco in my mouth at the same time to gratify the lust of the flesh, and satisfy the inward craving of an expiring soul, but ever since I got sanctified by God the Holy Ghost (some years ago) the blessed Lord has satisfied my mouth with a variety of good things, fresh every day from the Garden of Eden above, and He has filled every longing of my soul with goodness and mercy according to His riches in glory, therefore I can testify that experimentally and practically—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free."

We have often heard professing Christians, when giving their testimony, say, "The way seems very dark at times," apparently consoling themselves with the belief that this is a necessary adjunct to their growth in grace, and in the knowledge of God. That is a God-dishonoring belief, my comrades, and a soul-poisoning parasite of the devil's, too. Jesus Christ Himself explodes the theory in the 8th chapter of John, when he declares, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life," and St. John says, "If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie; but if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another," (not only with human beings, but fellowship divine) "and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Hallelujah!

I met an elderly lady on the street one day, and during our conversation she claimed to be a descendant of the noted Oliver Cromwell. She seemed quite proud of the distinction, too, for she related it in a very boastful manner, but when I told her I belonged to the aristocracy of heaven, and was a personal friend of Jesus, she hailed in her sails, and moved on to seek the praise of man elsewhere. Comrades, "If ye then be risen with Christ" (translated into newness of life) "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth, for ye are dead" (to self and sin) "and your life is hid with Christ in God."

Thank God it is gloriously possible to enjoy the glory of the celestial in this terrestrial world, and it is heaven here below the Lord Jesus to know (experimentally) in the beauty of holiness. I beseech you, brothers and sisters, by the mercies of God (and they are legion) to comply with the conditions of the Gospel, which is your reasonable service, and I pray that the dear Lord will endue us with a holy recklessness to declare the whole counsel of God, and secure an everlasting friendship with Jesus.

Straight Shots by Sharp Shooters.

Tallied by Ranger.

The will of God is a path leading straight to God. The will of man is another path. It leads from God. If, therefore, we walk in one we must quit the other. We cannot walk in both.—John Wesley.

Remember, I am only a poor, weak man, but Jesus Christ is All-in-All.—Pope Pius XIII.

Many men are annually ruined by trying to support seal skin wives on muskrat salaries.—Mrs. S. E. Sutherland.

God is for the penitent, no matter how he may have fallen, and against the hypocrite, no matter how high he has climbed. It will be a small comfort for a man who plunges into hell to think, "No one suspects that I am here."—L. H. Hastings.

What a cruel suffering it will be in hell when we reflect for how little we have lost our souls, and how little we need have done to have saved them.—Calendar of the Angel Guardian.

Some people imagine that they can pick God up and lay Him down like a rubber ball, at their own convenience.—Adj. Wiggins.

Surely He who loved us enough to die for us may be trusted to arrange for the smaller matters of our daily lives.—F. B. Meyer.

The day has long since gone by when God made something out of nothing.—Rev. Sam Jones.

Putting God first never narrows a life. God's Kingdom lays hold of everything that can enrich one's nature. Many things that would be nothing but hindrances, if we let them take first place are helps when they are put in the second place, and God's will is put in the first place and directs them.—C. E. World.



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EDITORIALS

History in Making. It is quite possible to live in the presence of happenings of great moment, and yet ignore their import and lessons. While the Salvation Army is too occupied with the pre-eminent business pertaining to the issues of the eternal world to turn from its great soul-saving operations and dabble with politics of one color or another, yet it behoves us to note the trend of national thought and custom, and take hold of the opportunities of the hour, which these very things present.

History is making very rapidly these days. May, 1906, will be memorable in years to come as the date on which the voice of the Russian people made itself heard, demanding the right to legislate for their own affairs. The world cannot but sympathize with all who strive for national betterment by legitimate means. This is an age of progress. Neither nation nor individual can afford to sit down in apathy, content with less than the best possible. Low ideals never helped any man to climb the ladder. But the true Salvationist's heart longs for the Russians, as for every other family of the human race, that they may rise to the true liberty wherewith Christ sets free—to be masters, through Him, over every form of self, sin, and slavish service to the prince of darkness.

Climbing Down. Turkey has focussed a considerable amount of world interest again, with the usual outcome—climbing down from an untenable position. Such procedure, by frequent repetition, may even appear grotesquely characteristic, but it is by no means confined to potentates or Eastern Europe! Riders of high horses would do well to take a look at themselves in the mirror now again, especially when the moment of descent arrives! "H. that is low need fear no fall" is timely warning. Was not Christ's lowliness one of His chief attractive attributes? The common people heard Him gladly. He was ever approachable and within their reach. He is still saying to us to-day: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart."

Brilliant Opening of the Commissioner's Winnipeg Campaign.

(By Wire.)

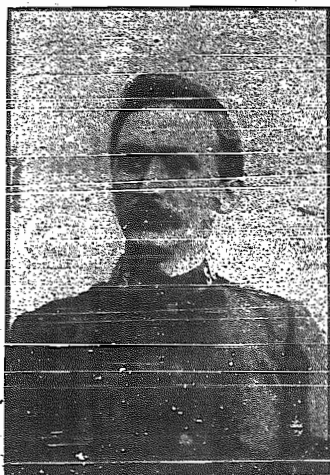
Winnipeg, Man., May 14—Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs tendered magnificent reception to Winnipeg. Dominion Theatre, largest and newest building of its kind, packed last night. Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D., better known as "Ralph Connor," presided over a great Social meeting in the afternoon. Hon. Colin Campbell, Attorney General, and Samson Walker, Esq., M.P.P., eulogized Army's work. Huge illuminated procession Saturday night, in which our leaders took part. The power of God wonderfully present in the gatherings. Commissioner in splendid form. Forty surrenders at the mercy seat. Immigration and Colonization meeting to-night in Y.M.C.A. Hall. Opening Grace Hospital on Tuesday night. Brigadier Burditt and Staff have arrangements well in hand. Lieut.-Colonel Pugnare.

The Chief Secretary's Notes.

The spring has come, lovely warm days, green grass and flowers, and a delightful change from the cold and discomfort of winter. The severe winter, however, makes spring and summer to be more appreciated. Is not the same true of our sorrows and difficulties, they make the comforts of salvation the more inestimable.

The war progresses all along the line. The corps are prospering in many places, and there is every promise of a general advance. The Colonization and Immigration work is increasing in importance every month. The opening of the Grace Hospital at Winnipeg is an illustration of the solid progress of the Social Work. It is the best institution of its kind that I have seen. To God be all the glory.

The arrival at Quebec of the new C. P. R. steamer, Empress of Britain, has created a mild sensation—she is an ocean monster. It is an event for one so large to plough her way up the St. Lawrence to the Ancient City. The



COLONEL RAY.

English Chief Secretary, who Personally Conducted the Third Kensington Party to Canadian shores.

Empress of Britain is one of several other ships to form a quick service between Liverpool and Canada. The C. P. R. extended an invitation to the Army representative to take part in the formal inspection of the ship.

The advanced training system is in progress of organization, and will prove a great blessing to officers all over the field. Quite a number of replies have been received from officers who desire to enter for some one or other branch of study. None are too old to learn. It requires determination of mind and will; it is wonderful what may be accomplished. I hope every officer who has received the preliminary instructions will enter as a student without delay.

A new arrangement has been introduced for repairing Army properties. It is important that small repairs be made when necessary, for they soon extend, and the less is serious. It is decided to appoint officers to various Provinces, whose duty it will be to keep the properties in repair and superintend the erection of new buildings, when thought advisable. Ensign Freeman is the first officer to go to this work. He is appointed to the Eastern Province. He left Toronto on Thursday, May 17th, for St. John. The Ensign has had a long experience in the Property Department, has worked hard, and can be depended upon in the future. May God go with him and his family to their eastern home.

It will be interesting to many Canadians to know that Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs have gone for special meetings to Winnipeg. There are many in that city who will be glad to see the former Chief Secretary, and he will be pleased to see the new building that he had a good deal to do with in its initial stage. The Colonel had some stirring experiences in Africa.

The Camp Meetings will be held this year at Dufferin Park, the same location as in 1905. There is considerable expectation concerning the coming summer campaign. Last year the meetings were greatly enjoyed. Look out for this year's program.

The Commissioner's meetings at Chatham, Ont., received favorable notice in the local newspapers. A full column was occupied to describe the day's events. The local press in most of the suburban towns and cities is usually very kindly disposed towards the Army.

A Toronto newspaper reported this week that the Ontario Immigration Superintendent had spoken disparagingly of the Army's Immigration Work. Another newspaper reported the same item of news, but stated that it affected another organization. The reporter of another paper called to enquire the truth, and upon reference to Mr. Southworth, discovered that the Army's Immigration Work is held in the highest respect.

The Commissioner, upon his return from Winnipeg, went through to Montreal and Quebec, to meet the S.S. Kensington with her third freight of human beings. The Christian people of that city have requested the Army to supply a female officer, whose duty it will be to care for the women and children who arrive at that port in hundreds. The Commissioner gave this matter his consideration.

The Toronto Temple bandmen are planning to spend their summer holidays in an unique fashion. They have asked that a tour may be arranged for them through the East Ontario Province, as far as Montreal. They will conduct meetings and give a very excellent program of music and song in each place. A list of the towns to be visited will be given next week.

Mrs. Major Stanyon Heroically Risks Life to Save Child.

It was on an ordinary Monday afternoon that Mrs. Major Stanyon, Eastern Sluam Secretary, was wending her way homeward, a little early on account of extra weariness, occasioned by a heavy week-end in Baltimore.

Stepping off the train at Mt. Vernon, she walked up the hill toward her home. On a street corner some children were playing out in the roadway. Suddenly a driverless, runaway team, dragging a heavy wagon, came tearing madly up the hill. The children, with one exception, scampered to safety. The exception was a tiny tot of three years, who stood paralyzed with fright.

Another moment, and the child must die. But in that moment Mrs. Stanyon leapt into the road, seized the child and turned toward the sidewalk. The team was already upon her and she was strack and thrown, still shielding her precious charge with her own body, against a shoeblack stand, where she was held till a policeman and bystander could release her.

The child was absolutely uninjured, but Mrs. Stanyon was terribly cut and bruised. She was removed in a carriage to her home, and a doctor and her husband were summoned. The doctor found that Mrs. Stanyon was not seriously although badly hurt. It will be several weeks before she fully recovers, as one knee is badly bruised and is very stiff and sore, and there are other bruises and cuts.

On entering the room the doctor exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Stanyon, what a deliverance! Surely your God is a mighty Deliverer!"

Prayers are requested for her speedy and complete recovery.

Impressions of the Great North-West.

AMONG THE DOUKHOBORS.

By Colonel Kyle.

Swan River Valley is one of Dame Nature's favored localities. An area of forty miles long and eighteen miles wide, containing patches of soil as black as jet, and capable of yielding over fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. It is torture for both horse and man to try to travel over the swampy roads in springtime, when the winter frost is melting in the ground. The wheels of the vehicle sink to the hubs in mud, churned mire. There are farmers, already, who have established themselves; some are affluent, although the district has only been settled about ten years.

Swan River town has made a very good beginning; it is a pretty and promising little place.

Twenty-five miles south-west of the town is Thunder Hill, and adjacent to this is a notorious Doukhobor settlement. Some of the land that I went to inspect was in this direction, twenty miles from Swan River town. The state of the roads necessitated a night's shelter, as the horses could not do the return journey in one day. Therein no difficulty was experienced, and westerners are most hospitable people, and will give travelers the best they have—for money, and sometimes for friendship's sake.

There were eight in our party, and we decided to stay at the Doukhobors', whose hospitality is known far and wide.

Two Doukhobor villages could be seen in the distance, nestling in a range of hills. The plastered houses were similar in shape and appearance, but quite dissimilar to the houses and "shacks" of other settlers thereabouts. The entrance to the village is steep and the main street wide, the houses being at least two and a half chains distant. One could imagine himself in Siberia, or in some rural district of Russia. The buildings are frame constructed and not plastered, the latter being quite an art-work in the Doukhobors.

Our guide, a Russian Estate man from Swan River, who had been at Simoonova (the name of the village) before, drove direct to the community stable, a capacious, well built and well conducted barn in the centre of the village. The Russians were bringing their horses and caring for the cattle, only one or two of them being able to speak the English language, and that very imperfectly.

John, the Head Man.

The guide, however, had gone in search of "John," the head man of the village, whose English was passable, and who informed us with much affability, that we could stay the night.

The tired horses were stabled in luxurious comfort—bedding up to their knees, stalls amazingly clean, and an abundance of the best fodder. It is a part of the Doukhobor creed to "love his beast as himself," which is away beyond the ordinary Christian's Golden Rule.

The Doukhobors are communalists—they have all things common. The village barn is for common use. Several men, under one of themselves—the latter chosen in regular order—are responsible for the care of the stock. No horses or cattle are kept better anywhere. The Doukhobor settlement is a Paradise for stock. The horses are rolling in fat and groomed as if for a prize show; the cattle sleek and in prime condition.

Doukhobors are vegetarians, they never kill anything for food. If the village barn of a Doukhobor village is a criterion of the character of the whole community it is an excellent recommendation. A striking extract, taken from a press account of their first annual public meeting, was very interesting, showing their peculiar care of animals.

The Doukhobors are communalists, and are endeavoring to work out the vexed question of the abolition of private ownership, the

theory advocated by many ultra-Socialists throughout the world. Whether they will ultimately succeed is problematic; already some Doukhobors are dissenters, and, with the approval of the community, are living in individuality. As an experiment, it is worth some careful observation.

The Quakers of Russia.

The Doukhobors came from Russia, where they were ultra-dissenters from the Greek Church—the Quakers of Russia. They come from the borders of the Black Sea, from Moscow, and Siberia; some are returned exiles, and others are now in Siberia looking across the seas to their wives and relatives in Canada, to them the Canaan of Liberty, their future Land of Promise. There are 5,000 Doukhobors in Canada, and 5,000 in Russia yet to be transported.

The Doukhobor settlement is in Manitoba; somewhere about 200,000 acres of land, stretching away from Thunder Hill, along the old Fort Perry Hudson Bay track, in a south-westerly direction, as far as Yorkton.

The commune comprises forty-four villages, each one having a head man and a family government of its own. Individuals are elected year by year to fulfil certain duties, including "head man," and women as well as men are chosen as delegates to the annual meeting of the community.

A Common Treasury.

They have all things common. All the money earned is paid into a common treasury. The village of Simoonova has 600 acres of wheat land under cultivation, which will produce some thousands of dollars, likewise all the other villages more or less. The Doukhobors have undertaken, as a community, a large railroad construction contract; this money will be placed in their general fund.

There is one great store on the railroad at Veregin. Six men, elected annually, buy for the whole community, and distribute all kinds of necessities to the forty-four villages. They buy wholesale—they get it on the ground floor, to use a colloquialism—as last year's statement of accounts will reveal.

The neighboring towns, consequently, object to this method, and say the Doukhobors are comparatively useless to the country, as settlers, not aiding in the general good.

There is no doubt that their purchasing power is manifold. They are able to buy more cheaply than the store-keepers, who deride their system. A business policy of exclusiveness is necessarily a result of communalism.

The annual statement of accounts published in the Winnipeg daily papers would go to show that the money is accounted for accurately, and the minutest details of income and expenditure published without reserve.

The Doukhobors employ up-to-date methods in farming—steam ploughs and latest implements.

Their costume is, with some exceptions, peculiarly Russian. It is strange to find oneself in Canada, on the progressive Continent of North America, in a Russian village. The multi-colored dress of the somewhat plain-featured women, short skirted, heavy booted, with a colored shawl in the place of a hat. The houses mud-covered, and in some cases thatched, as plain within as can be. No modern accessories for comfort, rather the crude customs of centuries gone by. The houses are not sub-divided, except the kitchen, from the living and sleeping room; in the latter a stone elevation, the length of the room, on one side, does double duty as seat and bed; two or three can lay side by side and feet to feet. A bare table in the centre of the mud-cemented floor, and a seat on the opposite side of the room, practically complete the furnishings. A stray chair or two may be interjected,

but they look out of place—at a discount. The old-fashioned oven is there to bake bread of coarse, unscreened wheat meal, the ordinary bread of the Doukhobors. The houses, however, are extremely clean, and the house of my entertainment was decorated with the colored lithos of agricultural implement firms that are scattered broadcast in the Northwest.

The communal granary is a well-built and substantial-looking structure, although the roof is thatched. Several of our company envied the thatcher his knowledge and skill.

No attempt has been made to beautify the village; this will come when these simple-minded people begin to rub shoulders with the asceticism of some of the Canadian settlers and imbibe modern notions.

Primitive Christianity.

The Doukhobor religion is, as far as I could judge, a type of primitive Christianity. They have no church buildings, no separated preachers, no ceremonies, or forms of any kind; even the orthodox marriage ceremony has been eliminated. They have, however, a high ethical standard, and no one can find fault with their morality. It would seem as though the pendulum had swung, in their case, from the extreme formalism of the Eastern church to the abolition of every form, in the same way that the Society of Friends revolted from the sacerdotalism of the seventeenth century.

Their worship is very simple, they go from house to house in truly apostolic fashion. Meetings are held every night and morning. The method of service is for the men to sit on one side of the room, the women on the other; thus they sing Psalms and chants. The tune is in the nature of an intonation—a melancholic reiteration of the same tones. Still there is perfect harmony produced, for they have good voices; the fault is not with the singers, but with the music of the songs. It may be if the listener could understand the Russian tongue the criticism would be less unfavorable.

Perhaps American religious singing to a Russian may sound equally incomprehensible. It is certain that the Doukhobors sing with their understanding, for their faces betoken worship and adoration.

What Would Jesus Do?

I was invited to one meeting. I sat on a chair in the centre, the worshippers sat round the room. After a succession of chants and songs, they had what appeared to be a discussion meeting, sitting down, both asking and answering questions. At the close one of the number gave a brief address, a resume of the whole, I judged it to be.

The head man, who kindly entertained me, explained my presence, and would have interpreted for me if he had been able. He informed me that they had been discussing some phases of Jesus' life and "what Jesus would do if He were here, under varying circumstances."

At the close of their meeting they all rose, went out and marched up and down the village singing praises to God.

It was Sunday morning, the villagers were dressed in Sunday garb, the women looking clean and bright in their costumes of gay colors. The procession was Army-like, although the singing was not so lively, and the marching lacked precision.

I tried to get from "John," the head man, an idea of their belief.

He said, "Doukhobor live like Jesus. Try in meeting to find out how Jesus would live, then live like Him. If man do wrong, he not Doukhobor," said he.

These people evidently have some strange and unorthodox belief concerning the present existence of Jesus Christ on the earth, and their peculiar search for Christ a few years ago had to do with it, but they are true followers of Christ, and need some instruction.

When the time came to depart from them, there was no bill of expense. "We never charge anything," said John, "all free." The fact that there were eight of us, all prepared to pay our way, showed that the Doukhobors are possessed of the spirit of hospitality and kindness to strangers.



GEO FOX

THE RED-HOT-QUAKER.

Chapter XIV.

George tells many stories in his journals of how he was delivered from his persecutors, when almost in their clutches.

At one place where he was holding a meeting the officers who were searching for him lost their way and went a mile and a half on the wrong road. By the time they had retraced their steps, and got to the right place, the meeting was over, and George had left the place!

On another occasion, he was found by a man who had been bribed to arrest him. What was his surprise when the man merely looked at him, said to his companions, "So this is George Fox," and went on his way without attempting an arrest! Other officers let him free at another time when actually under arrest, upon his solemnly assuring them that "the Quakers were a peaceable people."

After his release from Leicester jail, George traveled on to Swathmore. Margaret Fell had long been a widow now, and for some time, so George confides to his journal, he had been wishing to marry her. He had left the matter with the Lord, sure that when the time had "come for accomplishing that thing whereof I had long sought," His will would be revealed. Perhaps, even as he journeyed northwards now he thought that time might be near. If he did, he was sorely disappointed. As soon as he arrived he was told that Colonel Kirby, the justice, had sent to the hall to search for him, and his officers had ransacked every closet and cupboard in the place to find him! This was quite unnecessary on their part, because it was very well known that never on any occasion did George even go out of his way to avoid his enemies, much less hide from them.

Next morning, George paid Colonel Kirby an early visit, to inquire what they had against him now. Kirby was greatly taken aback at this straightforward action, and replied:

"As I am a gentler an, I have nothing against you. But," he went on, "Margaret Fell must not keep up at meetings at her house, for they are contrary to the act."

"I told him," said George, as he went over the scene with his friends, "that the act did not take hold on us, but on such as did meet to plot and contrive, and to raise insurrection against the king."

After a long conversation, the Colonel and George shook hands, and parted friends, and went their ways, the Colonel to London and George to Swathmore Hall.

No sooner had Colonel Kirby departed than a number of other justices put their heads together to issue a warrant against George. He was warned of this and could easily have escaped, and honorably too, as he had made no arrangements for any meetings. But he declined to yield to the persuasions of his friends, who begged him to depart, because, as he explained, he had heard a rumor of this plot before he came north, and should he go away he feared that the anger of the justices would be turned on the Quakers left. It is in little incidents of this kind that we get glimpses of George's personality, which is so persistently obscured by historians, with the incidents that occurred during his eventful life. As Margaret was among those who would be left behind to suffer, we cannot wonder at his decision; not that that would have made any difference to George's final action, though it may have made him doubly anxious to remain.

The next day an officer came and brought him before the magistrates, who accused him, among other things, of denying God, the church, and the faith. After much fruitless cross-questioning, they fell back on their never-failing argument and offered him the oath. Again, George offered his reasons for refusing to swear. How tired he must have got eternally explaining why he did and wouldn't do certain things! In this case he might as well have been talking to the walls for all the good it did! He was allowed to return to Swathmore Hall upon promise that he would appear at the forthcoming sessions. The inconsistency of this act does not appear to have struck the worthy justices. Here was a man they had badgered for hours to try and get to take the oath, that they well knew was not considered sacred by nine-tenths of those who glibly swore it, and then upon his simple word dismissed him without bail, in the fullest confidence that he would turn up at the appointed moment and attend his unjust trial, and serve his unjust sentence! Yet so it was. A Quaker's word was as good as his bond any day, and well the people knew it.

In due time the sessions opened, and George as duly appeared. There were the usual long, wearisome proceedings. The oath was offered and refused, and George was sent to Lancaster prison. Among the prisoners here he found several of his own people. Some were in for holding meetings, others for refusing to swear.

One of these prisoners was a man called Oliver Atherton, who had been there for nearly two years and a half. He had been imprisoned through the instrumentality of the Countess of Derby for not paying tithes. He was a delicate man, and his health had suffered fearfully during his long confinement in that damp, unwholesome place. In fact, he had become so ill that his sole chance of recovery now lay in a speedy discharge. George, though he would suffer uncomplainingly himself, could not bear to see anyone else in misery, wrote a pleading letter to the countess, begging her to pardon him, stating his case fully, and warning her not "to draw the guilt of his innocent blood upon her head." This cruel woman refused to help him, and a few days later Oliver Atherton breathed his last. Three weeks after his death she, too, was carried to the churchyard.

"The Best News."

A few years ago the writer was returning from a Saturday afternoon's Cry selling in an English town, when he was accosted by an old man, carrying a bag of tools, going home from his day's work. Though a complete stranger, he stated his business without any delay.

Said he: "Young man, can you tell me the best news this afternoon?"

At a loss to know what the stranger's conception of the "best news" might be, I replied, "I do not know, sir."

Imagine my surprise and joy when the old man answered, "The best news this afternoon is that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses from all sin."

Only a few words, simply spoken, ere we parted to meet no more, but that answer thrills my soul yet. Years have elapsed since the apparently accidental meeting, but the "best news" is still that Calvary's stream cleanses from sin.

It is the "best news" to all men, if all would but realize it. Sooner or later the desire to be

good comes to each and every man. There is a loveliness about doing what is right, a restfulness about the thought of endless peace in heaven, a disgust for vice and sin which will appeal to the most abandoned at times. It has been well said that no one can seriously contemplate the glories of heaven without a desire to share in them; neither can one consider the horrors of hell, in all their intensity, without a wish to escape them. It is impossible to think long of the New Jerusalem with its pearly gates and golden streets, without yearning to go there. Before the splendors of that blessed land the things of this world fade into insignificance; earth's glories pale and give place to a longing for something nobler, purer, and more enduring than the things of time and sense.

The difficulty is to get men to really stop and consider. This is a world of rush and bustle, and the things of eternity are thrust aside only too often till that "more convenient season," which so seldom comes; but whenever the question of the hereafter is squarely faced, the result is invariably the same. As light from heaven streams into the soul, revealing God's claims on mankind, with the certainty of a judgment to come, followed by everlasting bliss or its awful alternative, temporal considerations are trifling compared with the all-important matter of securing the future and making our calling and election sure.

The question is, How is this to be accomplished? What can bring about the necessary change of heart? Experience, as well as the Bible, teaches us that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii. 9.) There must be a radical change effected before the claims of God can be met; failing which the soul is doomed to everlasting punishment. The situation is critical! Life is short, and eternity close at hand. If anything is to be done, there is no time to be lost. Ere another sun sets our feet may be treading the dreary region of indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, for ever shut out from all that is good and pure and holy. What shall we do?

What you want is the "best news," my comrade. Its acceptance will remove the burden of guilt from your soul, and give you the conscious favor of God. It will afford peace in your dying hour and boldness in the day of judgment. (1 John iv. 17.) Bless God, the "best news" is for you. Here is your hope, my brother, my sister! The blood, the blood meets all requirements. Wash in its cleansing current, rest yourself utterly on its merits, and you will prove that the "best news" is, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses from all sin."

The Candidate and His Target.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin supplies the following incident:

Working for a farmer some three miles from Uxbridge is a young Salvationist to whom the Captain gave his first target—\$5—mentioning a village in which he might canvas. The lad is a Candidate, and his first thought was how could he get sufficient time to accomplish the desired end.

The farmer was approached respectfully, and proved sufficiently interested in the Self-Denial cause to grant a day's leave of absence to the young pleader. He scoured the village, fell in with the Methodist minister, led a meeting in his church; got acquainted with the local doctor, who filled in his medical certificate; donating the professional fee for the same on his Self-Denial card; secured \$7 total, was greatly blessed in his own soul, and left so much blessing behind that the people requested him to come back and give them a farewell meeting prior to his entry at the Training College.

The Colonel fell in with him on the cars, and found him exuberant with holy joy over the victories of his first Self-Denial effort in this country. May he continue in the warfare to participate in many another!

NOTES FROM

The Army's Refugee Camp at Beulah Park.

Our Relief Depot in Oakland was in operation almost before some societies had grasped the situation, and before others were prepared to help we had hundreds of hatless, coatless, and spiritless people in line coming to us from their homes, their very narrow escape with their lives precluding the possibility of their getting a change of clothing. We had a large stock, and in two hours fitted out 425 applicants.

Colonel and Mrs. French were early on the scene, and with Brigadier and Mrs. Wood set the machinery in motion to accomplish the most good in the least time possible.

While the flames were yet devouring San Francisco we secured lovely Beulah Park, where we conducted our Summer Camp meetings, and with the big pavilion, immense dining-room and splendid kitchen, with its great range, hot water boilers and other facilities, we were soon ready for all comers.

The Camp being three miles from Oakland was no disadvantage, as the Street Car Company allowed accredited workers to take great crowds to our new Relief Camp. The Oakland Chamber of Commerce, through its General Relief Committee, was kindness itself in helping us to get tents, bedding, food, and other necessities. Colonel French kept his forces well on the hustle in Oakland, and soon the Camp at Beulah, once a lonesome, vacant country place, was a busy, bustling, happy tent city, with several hundred delighted, willing grateful refugees, all doing their part to make the place look as homelike as possible. Some raised tents and cleared the ground. Others scrubbed the dining-room, peeled potatoes, or washed dishes; everybody found something to do, and fairly jumped at it.

Our Chinese Salvationists, from San Francisco Chinatown corps, did heroic service as cooks and diners, room and kitchen help. The first day we had a donation of several freshly-killed calves, which were converted into a good stew, with all the vegetables and dumpling accompaniments. A big supply of fish made a splendid supper. Coffee, tea, flour, fruit, vegetables, meat, and many other things were soon arriving at the Camp by the wagon load.

We were the first organization to apply to the Chamber of Commerce for soap, towels, and chloride of lime, and were warmly congratulated by Mr. Stearns, the Secretary.

Our big Camp is a model of cleanliness, sanitation, and cheerfulness, and the inhabitants are just overflowing with gratitude, which they show by offering their services freely for all kinds of work.

Some of the refugees were hard-working people. Others were formerly guests at San Francisco's grand hotels, who lost their clothes, trunks, valuables, and cash, and are truly glad they escaped with their lives. One couple, who patronized one of the biggest and highest-priced hotels in Frisco, saved nothing but what they wore. Money, valuables, trunks, and all personal effects were lost. The first night the husband found a mattress that had been thrown on a vacant lot, upon which he and his wife tried to sleep. In the morning the wife surprised him by showing him \$2.75 which she found in her pocket. This was all the money they had, and he spent it for canned corned beef and pork and beans, on which they subsisted until they got to our Camp at Beulah Park. They later secured free transportation to the east, where they have wealthy relatives.

We are opening a department in the Camp for lost and strayed children and also lost friends. The State authorities say they will aid us. Many children got separated from their parents in the confusion of sending refugee trains to the north, south, and east, and consequently in Oregon, Southern California, Nevada, Utah, and other points babies and young children are found who cannot tell

where they came from, or who their parents are, or how they got lost.

The Camp is very healthy. Plenty of chloride of lime, careful inspection, garbage burning, and other sanitary arrangements will keep it so, we believe.

The best of order prevails, and none of the unlawful outrages reported at other camps have found place at the Salvation Army Camp.

The Chief of Police has sent us good officers for protection.

The burned-out Frisco Salvationists are freely offering their services at the Camp, and are doing splendid service.

We have a little Chinatown in tents at Beulah Park, where we have over fifty Chinese and their wives, with children too numerous to count. They are a very happy lot, and make themselves thoroughly at home. They are all Christian Chinese, but yesterday two well-dressed heathen Chinese came to the Camp for some milk for their children, and some canned fruit for other sick friends. We supplied them, and they left us overflowing with gratitude.

A Frisco Salvationist's Promotion.

Mrs. Butler, formerly Adj. Anna Alleman, an old Salvationist and officer of years ago on the Coast, lost her life through the disaster. In addition, her husband and mother were injured.

Colonel French conducted the funeral service under the pressure of heart-rending circumstances. He writes of it thus:

"The husband was brought from the hospital to the open grave in an old plumber's wagon, this being the only vehicle gettable in the hurry. He himself seemed to be so weak and far gone as to almost fall into the open grave. Truly it was a very sad—yes, even heart-rending—scene as we stood there.

"I fear, even from the eyes of the gravedigger, as we held those little services; and while we thus stood there, wagon after wagon, carrying the charred and mangled bodies wrapped in sheets, passed by on their way for burial a little further on in the cemetery among the unknown.

Capt. Elsie Alleman, a sister of Mrs. Butler, has been working very cheerfully (although with a broken heart) at the Presidio amongst the refugees ever since this terrible fire, her services, together with those of her Lieutenant, being so much appreciated that a military officer there gave up his suite of rooms for the girls to sleep in. These two officers were detailed, among other things, to serve milk to the mothers and children, and during one day alone they distributed 1,500 gallons, mostly in cups.

Toronto Self-Denial Notes.

The Self-Denial effort was taken up very enthusiastically in Toronto. Locals, soldiers, and Cadets have done well and shouldered their cross cheerfully. Whether standing on the street corner with a box, playing an instrument to attract the crowd, collecting from door to door, or visiting the saloons, all who took part in the effort displayed a splendid spirit of willingness to do anything for the sake of Jesus. As a result they have mostly smashed their targets, and are rejoicing over victories won and blessings received.

Many amusing incidents are told as to the treatment our collectors received. A Cadet was standing on a chair at the street corner, preaching to the crowd, while a comrade took up a collection at intervals.

"Why don't you go and work for your living?" shouted an unsympathetic onlooker.

The Cadet forthwith gave a twenty-minute address from the text, "Go and work."

Another told the crowd at the commencement that he had come to stay on that corner for a whole week. After a few days' hard and exhausting effort he was in rather a poor condition to continue collecting, and was advised to stay in and take a rest for one day at least. "No," he answered, "I told the people I'd be there every day for a week, and I can't dis-

appoint them." That evening he took for his text, "Stickability."

"Here's a quarter for you," said a young man, "it's the last one I've got in the world, and I'm going without my supper to give it to the Army." Then he stood by the side of the Salvationist and told the crowd of the peace he had in his heart through serving Christ.

Some sisters at the Temple endeavored to raise something by taking the drum out on the street, and speaking and singing. They did very well. Others hired a barrel-organ, and ground out some tunes on it, taking up collections at every stopping place.

Ensign McElheney saw a remarkable suit of Japanese armor one day, and nothing else would suit him but to try it on. He marched out at the head of the band and drew the attention of the crowds to the Self-Denial effort. A little boy standing in front of him looked very attentively at the queer figure in armor. "Say, mister," he called out at last, "who gave you a license to be alive?"

Adj. Smith, of the Training College, organized a musical brigade, and they went around to the churches holding meetings, and thus raising something towards their targets.

Staff-Capt. McLan visited several corps with the bioscope, the proceeds from which helped to swell the S.-D. total.

The total sum given to our street collectors by the good people of Toronto was \$545.

Ensign McElheney was singing a verse of "Oh, turn ye," at the conclusion of the Sunday night meeting at the Temple. "I feel there is someone here who should turn just now," he called out. "Let us sing it once again." Before the verse was half through a man rose to his feet and came to the penitent form, and six others followed his example. The first convert was a well-known professor of music in this city.

Staff-Capt. Miller was at Toronto Junction on Sunday, and reports good times; five strapping young men at the penitent form.

Adj. Owen specialised at Galt for the weekend. Good meetings and two souls.

Central Prison.

A very profitable meeting was held in the Central Prison on Sunday, conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin. The men all seemed pleased to see the Army round again, especially Staff-Capt. Fraser, whose smiling face and cheery words have helped many a man whose lot it has been to be there.

The Colonel dealt out the truths of God and the consequences of sin in such a manner that everybody present could but feel God was speaking straight to our hearts. Mrs. Gaskin also spoke a few words.

The men enjoyed Adjutant Easton's piano-forte solo, and a couple of songs from Capt. Mardall.

At the end of the service seventy-four men stood to their feet asking the prayers of God's people for help to live a different life.

At the Mercer.

God came very near to us in the service conducted in the Mercer by Staff-Capt. Fraser and Adj. Collier. The Adjutant gave a straight and profitable talk, that will be remembered by many who were present. Capt. Mardall also sang some salvation songs, and it is hoped good will result from these renewed efforts for the inmates' salvation.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser also held a salvation meeting in the Asylum. The doctor afterwards informed Mrs. Fraser that she was the first lady to conduct a meeting there by herself. Well done, Mrs. Fraser.

REPORTS FROM THE CORPS REPORTS.

BRAMPTON. We have just been favored with a visit from Adj. Smith, assisted by Cadets Humphrey and Pattenden. On Sunday afternoon "Jack the Devil" gave the story of his life to a very interested audience, and on Monday night the Adjutant gave his flag and fire signal service, which was greatly appreciated. We finished with two souls for the week-end—one for salvation and one for sanctification. We extend a hearty invitation for the Adjutant and Cadets to return in the near future.—Edith Heatley.

BRANTFORD. The work of God is going on. Good work, good spiritual meetings. Welcome to a new comrad, Bandsman Tindall. We have given him a Brantford welcome. Good addition to the band and corps. Will soon have a new enrolment of recruits. Most every soldier in the corps wearing uniform. Junior work is progressing. Two more companies formed. Good spiritual interest all around. Self-Denial effort launched. Every soldier took a card. Great interest among the comrades. We are bound to win in this effort.—Kendall.

BRANDON. The fight has been ex-An Armenian Convert. tremely hard at our corps during the past few weeks. Good open-air: finances splendid; inside meetings fairly well attended; God's Spirit has been manifestly felt, but sinners are obdurate. Notwithstanding all the hardness and apathy, we are glad to be able to report that two souls have taken their stand for God. One was an Armenian, who, although unable to speak very much in the English language, yet we believe before he arose to his feet from our Army penitent form he had accepted by faith salvation from sin. He has taken his stand on the platform, and we trust God will lead him out into the full liberty of the children of God. Capt. and Mrs. Taylor and their two children are away on a much needed two weeks' furlough. Dear little Eva was taken very ill with pneumonia a day or so after they left here, but we are glad that work has come saying the worst is over, and that she is on a fair way to recovery. It indeed has been a very anxious week for our dear officers. Capt. Hardy, who was until quite recently in charge of Carberry, is holding on during Captain and Mrs. Taylor's absence.—Chas. H. Bryce.

ESSEX. We are having lovely meetings in Three Souls. Essex. God came very near last night, and we had the joy of seeing three souls seek salvation. One backslider, tired of his wrong-doing, gave his all to God.—J. H. S.

FERNIE. Our open-air meetings are a grand Four Souls. success. The soldiers turn out well to them, and the people throng the streets, eager to hear us. Capt. Bassett's wife has recovered from his illness and is again at the front of the fight. Our S.-D. target has been receded and we have a bullseye aim on it now. Four souls have been won for the Kingdom. One dear brother, who has been a heavy drinker, came to the cross under the influence of liquor, but God saved him. The next night his dear wife came and gave herself to God. We are looking forward to a great time on May 23rd. A special train has been chartered to take us to a picnic ground about twenty miles west of here.—S. A. Silvers.

HALIFAX II. Capt. and Mrs. Smith S.-D. Target Look Small, have gone to Westville, and Capt. and Mrs. Hargrove have taken command of this corps. On Wednesday we had Ensign Campbell with us, and he gave us three services, which we enjoyed very much. We have been having some good times lately. In almost every public meeting some one kneels at the cross. One sister on Saturday night was very deeply convicted of sin, and came on Sunday night and settled the matter with God. Our Self-Denial target begins to look small.—C. C. Milk.

LINDSAY. Just recently it was told the A Hustling Corps. Ensign that Dr. Bishop, the Methodist minister, has announced in class meeting that a woman had been led to God through the service, "The Shadow of the Cross," given by the Commissioner. Since his visit Mrs. Johnston, the Praying League Secretary, has paid us a visit, and although the audiences were not large, yet they appreciated her addresses, especially "In Prison Cell and Hospital Cot." Then Brigadier Collier gave his address on "Twenty-One Years in S. A. War," which was enjoyed immensely, one soldier saying he could sit all night and listen to him. Then last Saturday and Sunday, being S.-D. Sunday, we had Ensign and Mrs. White with us and had a good time, their many friends being glad to welcome them back again. Self-Denial is on the boards now, and our target is about to be smashed in good style. Bro. Vincent and Sister Bookman, and they were

having over two-thirds in hands before the S.-D. week commenced. That is not slow is it? During one of our meetings just as we started, a man volunteered for salvation, and is getting on well. Once an officer, discouraged, fell, but now rises again to do something for God and souls. More anon.—Hadd.

LIPPINCOTT. Self-Denial has been the great Does Jesus Care? subject for the past week, and everyone has set to work in earnest to reach their target. Some of the sisters of the corps have been collecting around the saloons, with good results. On S.-D. Sunday Brigadier Southall was in command, and delivered some able and stirring addresses. His clear exposition of "Faith" in the holiness meeting was very helpful to the souls of those present. A bandsman, hailing from the town of Southall, in England, was accorded a warm welcome, and proved himself quite a speaker on salvation topics. Adj. Habkirk introduced a song to us, which every one seemed to very much appreciate, entitled "Does Jesus Care?" The Brigadier spoke in the evening from the text, "What think ye of Christ?" In a very dramatic way he brought the people face to face with the great question, eloquently describing the beauties and nobility of a Christian life. He then swung round to the awful description of a lost soul, and pictured in vivid language the torments of a Christ-rejector. A little boy made his way to the penitent form at the beginning of the prayer meeting, and shortly after a young woman came forward and surrendered herself to God. A brother, who had been a backslider for fourteen years, also decided to return home and claim forgiveness.

LITTLE WARD'S ISLAND. During the past two weeks fifteen precious souls have been captured from the ranks of the devil. Our young converts are taking a bold stand for God. On April 25th God poured out His Spirit in a special manner, and every Christian in the barracks got full of the Holy Ghost, and had to dance for joy.—J. Wells, Lieut.

MONCTON. On Saturday night Ensign Martin gave a musical blizzard in the S. A. Citadel. The program consisted of instrumental solos, duets, and selections, also vocal singing, which was listened to by an appreciative audience. Everybody enjoyed themselves and had their money's worth. On Sunday, from early morn till late at night, God's power was felt. We had Bro. Price with us, an ex-officer. At night he took the lesson, and gave an interesting and powerful address. The Spirit of God was felt and a number of the congregation were moved to tears. A hard battle was fought in the prayer meeting, and at the close one little boy decided to follow Jesus and do right.—C. E. Storliard, Lieut.

PETERSBORO. April 23rd was a day long looked A Wedding. forward to by a young couple in this corps. It was the wedding day of united under the Army flag by Staff-Capt. McAm-

mond. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd. J. S. S. Braund and Bro. Boorman gave the bride and groom a few words of advice, which will no doubt be beneficial to them in the future. We pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon Mr. and Mrs. Vincent in their future life. Brigadier Turner led a successful soldiers' meeting here on the following day. We have lately welcomed five comrades from the Old Land—two soldiers, two bandsmen, and Capt. Louder, who has come to see his father safely settled in the Land of the Maple Leaf before returning to England again.—Benedict.

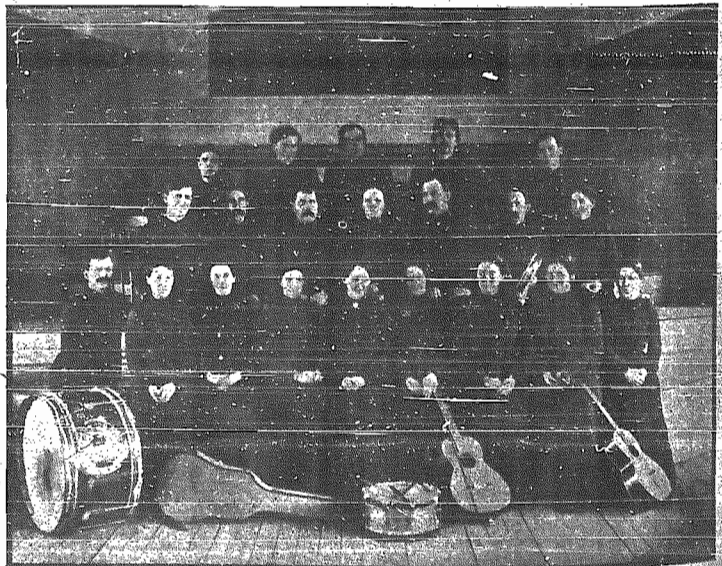
PRINCE ALBERT. We have had Captain Two Souls at the Jail, Bryant and Master Wylie with us recently. God has blessed their visit to our corps. Souls have been saved and Christians blessed. Capt. Bryant's quiet, yet persistent, winning way is so helpful, he truly portrays an attractive salvation. Dear Charlie's singing is also being blessed of God. We had two souls at the jail this week, and four or five at the other meetings. Generous response is being made to the appeal for financial assistance for the new barracks, which we hope will soon be an accomplished fact.—John H. Wilson.

RIDGETOWN. Looking back over the winter Stayed to Pray. campaign we can rejoice over many souls won for the Master. Quite a number have become soldiers and are fighting bravely for God and the Army. The corps is in for victory as regards the S.-D. target. On Thursday night one young man was so convicted that he stayed behind till nearly every one had gone. He felt he could not go out until he knelt down and prayed. Afterwards he rose to his feet and expressed his determination to fight for God in the Army.—C. C. Mary Garrett.

ST. JOHN'S I. Sunday, April 29th, was a dull, wet day, and seemingly not an encouraging outlook for meetings. Nevertheless, the Lord was with us. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Norris led a soul-inspiring knee-drawl. The soldiers did yeoman service all day, and in spite of mud and weather battled bravely, outdoors and in. Ensign Bristol nobly assisted Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris, as also did Mrs. Adj. Williams, Ensign Macdonald, Capt. Collins and Mercer. The emigrants passing through St. John's, on the S.S. Kensington, pushed their way into the building at night, and we finally rejoiced over twelve souls seeking the Lord. Adj. Williams is still laid aside, but we are praying for him.—Onlooker.

ST. THOMAS. The final visit of Lieutenant Two New Instruments. Colonel Friedrich, and also of our Provincial Commander, have proved times of inspiration and blessing to all. The week-end meetings were led by Adj. and Mrs. Walker. The Band was well to the front, giving their best for God and souls, and on Sunday two new instruments were presented to them. The bandmaster, who has been sick for a long while, was able to be present and had the pleasure of making the presentation. We hope that in the near future he will be able to take his place as in days of yore.—J. Sleg.

STRATFORD. Stratford has been favored with a visit from Staff-Capt. Campaign of Manton, the veteran Salvationist, who conducted a ten days' campaign. His meetings started off with a welcome tea for soldiers and friends, at which some sixty sat



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Sharp and Officers of Cape Station. (Taken at the recent Commemoration.)

down, and a very enjoyable time was spent. The Staff-Captain happened to be the D. O. when this corps was opened, and in company with the corps officers started the Salvation Army, so that many old friends were pleased to see him once more. Splendid crowds attended the meetings, and a number testified to the help and blessing received through the Staff-Captain's practical and original addresses. His two lectures, "What I saw and heard in the Old Land after forty-three years' absence," and "Sixty years' through smiles and tears," took immensely. A number of souls sought salvation and the blessing of sanctification, and all unite in saying, "Come again, Daddy." Mr. and Mrs. Icely, old Salvationists, very kindly billeted the Staff-Captain. We have welcomed more soldiers from the Old Land, and our band has increased also. Stratford intends going ahead.—Adj. Bliss.

SELKIRK. On Wednesday night last three Three Souls, souls sought and found salvation. We are going in to fight for souls, and also will endeavor to smash out S.-D. target.

UXBRIDGE. Since last report we have seen seven Seven Souls, souls at the mercy seat, for which we give all glory to God. Sunday, May 6th, we felt God's presence very near. A very blessed time in the holiness meeting. In the afternoon we were called to attend the funeral service of one of our junior workers in the person of Mrs. Kimberly, who was very faithful in her duty toward God. Just two weeks ago she attended our meetings and gave a very bright testimony that all was well with her soul. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the bereaved ones. A south-east wind brought into our midst Bro. Miles, of Balsam, who was a very welcome visitor here. In the night meeting he gave us a very earnest talk, the visible result being much conviction and three souls in the fountain. Last week we had a visit from Staff-Capt. McLean, with his moving pictures, which were much appreciated. We are now in for smashing our S.-D. target. Pray for us.—Visitor, for Lieut. Carey.

WINNIPEG I. On Sunday Adj. McRae and Ensign and Mrs. Lacey assisted nobly in the night. We also had the Rev. Mr. Ranton and Mr. Bellsmith on the platform in the afternoon, and each took part. At night Mrs. Dr. Sugden and Staff-Capt. Kerr opened the service with prayer. Then Mrs. Staff-Captain Coombs gave a special talk on India and the needs. An offering was then taken, and over \$30 was given to assist in our Self-Denial Effort. Three comrades knelt at the altar and gave themselves to God for service, and one dear woman got saved. We are now hot in the Self-Denial battle, also preparing for a hallelujah wedding and the coming visit of our beloved Commissioners.—Thos. Coombs, Staff-Capt.

WOODSTOCK. We have seen four souls step into the fountain for forgiveness and one claim the blessing of a clean heart. Major and Mrs. Phillips were with us last Sunday, and led the meetings all day. We had a blessed time. At the close of the afternoon meeting the Major spoke to the soldiers about our intended barracks.—J. T. M.

YORKVILLE. During the past few months God An Enrolment, has been especially near to His children, rewarding their untiring efforts for His sake in the salvation of men and women. Under the command of Capt. Wear and Lieut. Heyon, assisted by a noble band of Cadets from the Training College and their faithful soldiers, the corps has made some visible strides. Last Thursday night we had an enrolment of soldiers, including some who have been transferred from the

"Home Land" to this fair Canada, of ours. God came very near and put His seal upon the meetings. The Captain, in a very impressive manner read the Articles of War, and asked those who wished to become soldiers of the Salvation Army, and who were willing to abide by the conditions laid down by the General, to step forward. Each in response promised God and the dear General to be true and valiant soldiers under the dear old flag. The Captain, on behalf of the soldiers, welcomed each into the corps, and spoke to each words of wisdom and advice, telling them to lean hard upon the arm of Jesus, the only source of strength.—E. S.

HOW WAR CRY BOOMING LED TO HER CONVERSION.

A Sketch of Montreal V's Valiant Boomers.

Sister Lamb gave her heart to God soon after the corps opened, in November last, and when volunteers were called, for saloon War Cry booming, Sister Lamb and Muriel Fraser both volunteered, and went at it with a good heart, selling over 100 Crys every Saturday night, also dropping a word here and there for the Master. Up to this time Muriel Fraser was



Montreal V's War Cry Boomers, Sisters Muriel Fraser and Kate Lamb.

not yet saved, and after going for a few weeks she began to wonder if it were right of her to be seen selling Crys on Saturday evening, whilst on Sunday she was at the barracks "sitting in the seat of the scornful." With a heavy heart she gave up the Cry booming, but God was dealing with her, and last week she gave her heart to God, and at once asked to be allowed to take her place with Sister Lamb, booming the Cry. One Saturday evening at the St. Lawrence Hall a dear man asked our boomers if they would pray for him, and before he knew what they were doing they were already on their knees praying. He so enjoyed it that he gave our sister a quarter. May God answer their prayer and save his soul.—P. S.-M. Fraser.

Eastern Events.

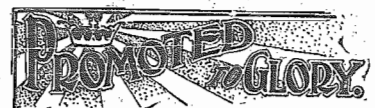
Halifax I. and II. were favored last week with a visit from Ensign Campbell, the G. B. M. man. In conversation he informed me that he had had a very nice weekend at Windsor. Ensign Campbell also took part in the united meeting at Dartmouth on Monday evening.

Latest advices from Capt. Bassingthwaite state that there has been a moving among the dry bones at Liverpool. Crowds and finances are both on the rise, and, best of all, two souls have sought salvation. I have it on the authority of one of the Halifax papers that we may soon have our beloved Commissioner in our midst. This seems almost too good to be true; but if he does come, he will have no cause to complain about the warmth of the welcome that he will receive.

It has been definitely settled that Ensign Parsons will take charge of the work at Rock Head Prison. He is now completing arrangements for the launching of this new effort, and I hope to soon have the pleasure of reporting the first meeting that will be held there.

They often told me to go and work when I was in the field, but no one can surely complain that the Ensign has any lack of occupation. Here are a few of them: Manager of the Harbor, J. S. Sergeant at Halifax I., Army representative at the Halifax Police Court, assistant in Immigration Work, and now the officer in charge of the Prison Work. And be it known, the Ensign has no assistant. In addition to his many other achievements, the Ensign saved two

men from drowning in the harbor this winter. The Self-Denial campaign moves merrily along, and doubtless you will hear of some target smashing from this vicinity in the near future.—Ranger.



SISTER MRS. RUSSELL, OF NEW GLASGOW.

About thirteen years ago we welcomed into our midst Mother Russell, late of Bay Roberts, Nfld. During her stay in the New Glasgow corps we all learned to love her, but Jesus loved her best, and on March 2nd the chariot lowered and transferred our comrade to the Eden above, where sickness and death never come. During her short illness Adj. and Mrs. Cooper visited her, and when asked about her spiritual condition answered, "All is well; if this sickness is unto death I'll be only too glad to go to meet my Redeemer." She loved that good old song we often sing, "Saints of God, lift up your voices, praise ye the Lord!"

The first time Mother saw the Army she actually fell in love with the way they conducted their meetings, and came to the conclusion they were the happiest people on earth. She enjoyed seeing souls saved. Although she had passed the allotted span of life, she would show her enthusiasm by clapping her hands and dancing and shouting, "Praise the Lord!"

Our united sympathy goes out to the bereaved comrades, commending them to the Father Who doeth all things well.

Mother was buried with full Army honors, a short service being conducted at the house, led by Lieut. Gilginson. Thence we formed up and marched en route for the citadel, where an impressive service was conducted by Mr. Cooper, a drizzling rain, and wading through the slush, the cortege was followed by a large number of sympathizers, to Riverside Cemetery.

Reader, should death overtake you now, where would you spend eternity? Prepare to meet God.—Geo. Smith, Sergt.-Major.

MRS. SIMS, OF FERNIE.

We regret to chronicle the death of the mother of Bandmaster Sims. She died suddenly, but we believe, she has gone to be with Him Who has gone to prepare a place for those who live in Him and love Him. The funeral was in charge of Capt. Travis and Bassingthwaite, and the service was very impressive. We are having the memorial service on May 4th.

MRS. DOLTON, OF BURIN.

We are very sorry to relate the death of the beloved wife of Sergt. Dolton. She has been a sufferer for quite a long time, but has never been heard to murmur. She was always resigned to the Master's will whatever it might be. She has been a soldier for some years, and always, when able, took her stand at the front. The previous six months she has been away with her family, but before her death, requested that she be brought home and given an Army funeral. Just before her death she called her husband and children around her and told them to sing her favorite song, "There is a beautiful land on high," and bidding them all to meet her in heaven she stepped into the chariot and went to meet her Father.

We have her a real Army funeral, conducted by Capt. Ridout. The service was very impressive, and many were led to see that their turn was coming.

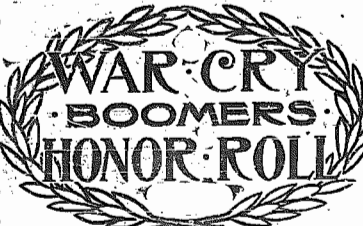
She leaves a loving husband and three little lambs, and a number of brothers and sisters to mourn her loss. May God bless and comfort the bereaved ones.

"What, though in lonely grief we sigh
For friends beloved no longer high,
Submissive would I still reply:
"Thy will be done."

—B. Spencer.

BROTHER ELI SAUNDERS, OF WARD'S HARBOR.

Death has again visited our little harbor and called another soul to its eternal home, in the person of Eli Saunders, better known as Capt. Saunders. He had been captain of a vessel for sixteen years, and was always very successful. He was never known to have an accident happen at sea. He was a warm friend of the Army, and was never backward in helping on its work. About ten months ago our brother gave his heart to God, while lying in a sick bed. Since that time he was never heard to murmur. Just about a week before he died his little two-year-old girl was taken away to heaven, and as he looked upon her for the last time he said to his friends, "I shall soon join her over on the other shore." As he was nearing the river he looked up in the face of his brother and said, "My brother, I shall go on among the angels." A few moments after he breathed his last and went to be with Jesus. A large crowd of relatives and friends gathered to pay their last tribute of love and respect to the deceased. In the evening meeting we had the joy of seeing four precious souls come to God. We pray that God may bless the bereaved ones, especially his dear wife.—J. Wells, Lieut.



They are not so bad after all down East, for dis week de names ob 108 vaillant boomers had come in.

De must be "settling down" to bizness out dat way, which shows dat our last week's prophecy was right, anyway. You cən look at most things two ways, you know. Seeing dat Kernel Sharp is sich a modest young man we must take de liberty ob blowing his trumpet for him dis time. I b'lieve de Kernel is Scotch, and no doubt he will delight to observe a Thistle so high up on de list. Thistle do all right—keep it up.

De Montreal man figgers in de list also dis week. I thought sure now dat Mulcahy is running so far ahead ob all de odders dat he's stopped for a week to let dem catch up, and bimeby he'll be putting on a great sport agen and surprising all de crowd. Right enough here he comes agen, and is still de champion boomer for de Dominion.

P. S. M. Ellsworth, Bracebridge.



Blowing His Trumpet.

Eastern Province, 108 Boomers.

Capt. Vandine, Somerset, Ber. (3 wks)	580
Lieut. Thistle, Sydney	540
Capt. Basingthwaite, Liverpool	230
Mrs. Capt. Hargrove, Halifax II.	220
Capt. Holden, Charlottetown	205
Mrs. Capt. Urquhart, Campbellton	200
Sec. Virgil, Southampton, Ber.	200
War Cry, Sergt.-Major, Glace Bay	200
Capt. Smith, Westville	200
Lieut. McKenney, Moncton	190
Lieut. Smith, St. John's	160
Capt. Pursey, Sydney Mines	160
C. C. Colburn, North Sydney	155
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	150
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	142
Lieut. Rowe, St. John's	125
Lieut. Gilkeson, New Glasgow	120
Capt. Snow, Woodstock	120
Norman McVicker, Glace Bay	118
Mrs. Beattie, Fredericton	114
Sergt. Houlden, Parrabro	110

John McPherson, Westville	105
Bro. Dan McCueh, Westville	101
Lieut. Andrews, Dominion	100
Capt. Wild, Dieby	100
Sergt. McDonald, Sydney Mines	100
Capt. Emery, Sprinkhill	100
Capt. Tatum, St. John I.	100
Capt. Galloway, St. Stephen	100
Capt. Ritchie, Yarmouth	100
Sergt. Jackson, Yarmouth	100
C. C. Murray, Westville	100
Capt. Hargrove, Halifax II.	100
Capt. Datzell, Truro	100
Capt. Brace, St. John II.	100
Capt. Lebars, Truro	100
Ensign Miller, Fredericton	100
Sergt. Smith, St. George's	100
Capt. Neil Smith, Halifax II.	100

Jennie Kane, Halifax I, 96; Mrs. Marshall, Halifax I, 85; Lieut. Turner, Glace Bay, 83; Adj. Wiggins, Halifax I, 83; Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton, 82; Mrs. Capt. Ogilvie, Dartmouth, 80; Capt. Legge, North Head, 80; Capt. Glen, Newcastle, 80; Mrs. Adj. Carter, Glace Bay, 80; Adj. Carter, Glace Bay, 80; Annie Ramie, Bridgetown, 80; Lieut. Taylor, Carleton, 80; Capt. Ramie, Dominion, 78; Mrs. Jewett, St. John V, 75; Sergt. Elmer, London, 75; Capt. W. J. W. L. London, 75; Lieut. McLean, Lousburg, 75; Capt. Melkie, Reserve, 74; Lieut. Rutherford, St. John V, 74; Ensign Martin, Moncton, 70; Ensign Piercy, St. John I, 65; Sergt. Cook, St. John I, 65; Capt. Falle, Fredericton, 65; Sergt. Jennings, St. George's, Ber, 65; Capt. Luther, Canning, 65; Lieut. McEachern, North Sydney, 63; Capt. Dakin, Clark's Harbor, 60; Lieut. Gray, Canning, 60; Capt. Frazer, Lunenburg, 60; Capt. Backus, Bridgetown, 60; Ensign Greenland, Chatham, 60; Capt. Caveney, Fairville, 60; Capt. March, Dominion, 60; Ensign Sabine, Windsor, 55; Sister Smith, St. John I, 52.	
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50 Copies—Captain Robinson, Kentville; Captain Crowell, Inverness; Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III; Mrs. Ensign Cornish, Springhill; Capt. Bigelow, Lieut. Winchester, Sussex; Captain James, Lieut. Chedore, Sackville; Alice Watts, St. John I; Bertha Large, Charlottetown; Sister Beale, Lieut. Smith, Kentville; Capt. McWilliams, Sergt. Melkie, Lunenburg; Ella Crossman, Moncton; Willie Thompson, St. John III; Capt. Lee, St. John I; Sergt. Hooper, Summerside; Sister Bonnel, Sister McLean, Sydney; Clara Schram, Dartmouth; Capt. Payne, Windsor; Sergt. Doherty, H. Strothard, Halifax I; Captain Urquhart, Campbellton; Capt. Woodhouse, Freeport; Capt. Hebb, Summerside; Mrs. Graham, Bear River; Ensign Trickey, Sydney; Capt. Netting, Lousburg.	
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West Ontario Province.

52 Boomers.

Adj. Kendall, Brantford	230
P. S. M. W. London	220
Capt. Patterson, Guelph	205
Eva Norman, Windsor	190
Mrs. Stratford, Stratford	187
Capt. Garfield, Hespeler	117
Mrs. Adj. Walker, St. Thomas	105
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	100
Mrs. Adj. Hyde, Chatham	100
Eva Fuller, Chatham	100

Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 95; Capt. Tiller, Wallaceburg, 85; Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Leamington, 83; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 85; Capt. Horwood, Sarnia, 85; Lieut. McWilliams, Goderich, 80; Capt. Thompson, Galt, Capt. Gibson, Galt, 80; Sergt. McQueen, Petrolia, 80; Lieut. Dreisinger, Forest, 75; Sister Forbes, Simcoe, 70; Lieut. Morris, Blenheim, 70; Lieut. Dohney, Paris, 70; Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 65; Sergt. Mrs. Leffer, Ingersoll, 65; Capt. Kitchen, Stratford, 65; Lieut. Cunningham, Stratford, 65; Lieut. Herrington, Seaforth, 64; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston, 60; Sergt. Wimbale, Brantford, 60; Sister Taylor, Wingham, 51; Capt. Pickle, Bothwell, 50; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex, 50.	
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55 Copies—Capt. Matier, Clinton; Adj. Sims, Windsor; Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Listowel; Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Ensign Jarvis, Woodstock; Sister Watt, Ridgeway; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Capt. Kerswell, Kingsville; Mrs. Ensign LeCoeq, Ensign LeCoeq, Petrolia; C. C. Nettie Laird, Essex; Capt. Hineley, Lieut. Waldrorf, Tillsonburg; Sergt. Hodgson, Capt. Malsey, Sergt. Norbury, Capt. Jones, London; Capt. Crossman, Lieut. King, Dresden.	
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East Ontario Province.

27 Boomers.

P. S. M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	355
Lieut. Thompson, Smith's Falls	160
P. S. M. Stevenson, Peterboro	150
Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I.	125
Capt. Oulford, Quebec	120

60 and Over—S. M. Rogers, Montreal IV; Mary Massey, Kingston.	
80 and Over—Capt. Liddell, Cobourg.	
70 and Over—Mrs. Ensign Crego, Brockville.	
60 and Over—Ensign O'Neill, Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa II; Sister Lamb, P. S. M. Fraser, Montreal V; Lieut. Nelson, Morrisburg.	
50 and Over—Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; C. C. Stevenson, Peterboro; Brother Barrie, Montreal IV; Sergt. Brown, Sorel, Barber, Kingston; Lieut. Durrhill, Sister Greenfield, Slater Schnell, Montreal I; Sister Turner, Brockville; Sister Fraser, Montreal V; Lieut. Gowers, Capt. Thornton, Trenton.	

Training Home Province.

25 Boomers.

Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I.	200
Lieut. Proudlove, Owen Sound	150
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverside	130
Sergt. Mrs. Cowie, Temple	100
Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton II.	100
Capt. Baird, Dovercourt	100
Capt. Lamb, Bowmanville, 90; Lieut. Boocock, Bowmanville, 90; Lieut. Thompson, Parliament St., 80; P. S. M. Jordan, Lippincott, 80; Lieut. Harn, Yorkville, 75; Lieut. Carey, Lippincott, 75; P. S. M. Rice, Temple, 75; Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St., 60; Adj. Harkirk, Lippincott, 60; Lieut. Scott, Niagara Falls, 60; Capt. Stickells, Aurora, 55; Lieut. Price, Niagara Falls, 55.	
50 Copies—Lieut. Yandaw, Dundas; Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Sergt. Russell, Lieut. Lizzie Bradley, Temple; Adj. Knight, Mrs. Adj. Knight, Hamilton I; E. Pointon, Ligar St.	

New Ontario Division.

15 Boomers.

Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia	130
P. S. M. Jones, Huntsville	100
Lieut. Chalkin, Sturgeon Falls, 80; Lieut. Hayhoe, Soo, Mich., 75; Mrs. Beattie, Fenelon Falls, 75; Mrs. Ellsworth, Bracebridge, 75; Ensign McCann, New Liskard, 50; Capt. Dauberville, New Liskard, 51; Lieut. Peterson, Burk's Falls, 50; Capt. Jotham, Barrie, 50; P. S. M. Miles, Barrie, 50; Mrs. Merish, Barrie, 50; Ensign McNane, Midland, 40; Sister Matheson, Midland, 40; James Calvert, Soo, Mich., 20.	

Newfoundland Province.

7 Boomers.

Sergt. Fynn, St. John's I.	250
Cadet Vincent, St. John's I.	110
Cadet Stickland, St. John's I.	100
P. S. M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55; Bertha Lukpen, Burin, 50; Sergt. Harris, St. John's I, 26.	



Pineapple Omelet.—Five eggs, one cup cooked pineapple pulp and juice, two tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter, one-fourth teaspoon salt. Beat yolks and whites separately, and add salt to whites. Cook flour in butter a few seconds, but do not brown. Add to yolks, then add the fruit, with a few drops of lemon juice, and cut and fold the whites in last. Cook as any omelet. Serve with powdered sugar. Garnish with a few sprays of parsley.

Pineapple Ice.—Soak one cup tapioca over night, add one cup granulated sugar, scrape or chop the soft part of a pineapple and stir well into the tapioca. Place on ice and serve as cold as possible with sugar sprinkled over the top.

Preserving Strawberries.

French Way.—To two pounds of large, not over-ripe, strawberries, weigh two pounds of granulated sugar. Put the sugar in a preserving kettle with half a pint of water. Let it melt over a slow fire, then simmer gently for half an hour; then boil rather quickly till the syrup is so thick it hangs when a little of it is dropped on ice. As the syrup is in the course of boiling, carefully pick over the berries, stink the kettle off the fire, cover it with the berries in the syrup, and let it stand for an hour; then return the kettle to the fire, remove the cover, and let the whole boil briskly for two minutes. Skim the surface well, then pour the preserves into small glasses and seal when cold.

Italian Way.—To each pound of berries weigh a pound of sugar. Pick the berries over carefully and remove stems and hulls. Put the berries in glass jars or big-mouthed bottles, filling each bottle, then thirds full, keep the bottle slightly inclined, so the berries will settle and reach the bottom of the jar unbruised. Boil the sugar to a syrup that runs like fine rain when dropped from the spoon. Stand the glass jars or bottles with the fruit in a deep dish in which some straw is laid in the bottom; fill the pan with hot water to half the depth of the jars. Pour the syrup in the bottles over the fruit, let them boil in the pan of water ten minutes, then seal the bottles and stand them on cool.

German Way.—Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Remove the stems and hulls carefully from the berries and weigh the fruit after this is done. Put the berries in an earthen

BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY!

preserving kettle, with sugar sprinkled in between and over the berries. Let them stand over night in the sugar. The next morning put the kettle over a slow fire, and when the berries have simmered five minutes lift them out with a skimmer, and lay them on a sieve to drain over a big bowl. Pour the juice that drains from the berries in the sieve over a dish. Let the syrup boil till it spins from the spoon. Skim it well. Put the berries in the syrup again, and let them simmer five minutes, then lift them out with a spoon, put them in jars, filling each jar half full. Let the syrup boil till quite thick, and pour it in the jars over the berries and seal them tight.

English Way.—Take equal weights of strawberries and sugar. Lay the fruit in deep dishes and sprinkle half the sugar over it, and give a gentle shake to the dish, that the sugar may touch the under part of the fruit. The next day make a thick syrup with the remainder of the sugar and the juice drained from the berries, and boil it until it jellies. Then carefully put in the berries, and let them simmer nearly an hour; then put them carefully in jars or bottles, fill them up with the syrup, and seal.

American Way.—Weigh one pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put the sugar into a preserving kettle, with enough water to keep it from sticking. Let the sugar-bolt to a thick syrup, then put in as many strawberries at a time as will cover the surface of the syrup without crowding them, and let them cook gently for twenty minutes; then skim them out carefully and lay them on platters to cool, so they lay separately. When they are cold put them into glass jars and strain the hot syrup through a fine sieve over them and seal the jars.

The increase in sale in the class of books we sell is a good sign. There is no virtue in ignorance, and in these days of good publications, at reasonable prices, there is no need for any officer, local officer, or soldier being unable to speak intelligently of the things they believe. The merits of the following have only to be known to ensure an increasing demand for them.

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Second Insertion.

5357. WILMORE, ROBERT. Age 35, height 5ft. 8in., brown curly hair, blue eyes. Last heard of four years ago. Was then on transport Columbian, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

5355. LEWIS, JOSEPH. Age 32, light brown complexion, height 5ft. 4in., weight 135 lbs. Last heard of three years ago, in Detroit.

5359. ROCHE, EDWARD JAMES. Age 35, height 5ft. 4in., dark complexion, machinist by trade. Last heard of two years ago in Cleveland.

5350. HOLMES, THOMAS HENRY. Age 37, height 5ft. 6in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. When last heard of he was working for the C.P.R. Telegraph, in Winnipeg.

5352. SIMPSON, ALEXANDER. Age 40, height 4ft. 3in., dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion. Last known address, Montreal P.Q.

5358. HEANE, AUGUSTINE JOSEPH. Age 25, height well over 5ft., light brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion. Has been missing since September, 1914. Last known address, Sydney, Man.

5354. GIBSON, JOHN. Age 54, height 5ft. 6in., black hair, dark eyes and complexion, farm laborer. Left England for Winnipeg.

5355. STOKES, MARY. Age about 50, fair hair and complexion. Last known address, Toronto.

5356. THOMSON, PETER CRAMER. Age 27, tall, blue eyes, smith by trade. Last known address, Canadian Hotel, Cranbrook, B.C.

5350. DAVIES, FRED CHAS. Age 35, height 5ft. 4in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address, Box P.O., Burnside, Man.

5357. WALMSLEY, PETER JAMES. Small of stature, dark hair, fair moustache, fair complexion, grey eyes, scar on left forehead, arms tattooed, has been a sailor. Last heard of in Toronto.

5355. RAINES, EDWARD JAMES. Age 28 years, height 5ft. 5in., black hair, grey eyes, dark sallow complexion, bricklayer, has a mole on back of hand.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Eglinton St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 48 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 216 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 12 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 248 Daly Ave.
Montreal, Que., 461 St. Jean St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 674 St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 89 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 48 Gillingham St.
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., General Hospital, 1466 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.T.
Vancouver, B.C., 1334 Pender St.

Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Editor.

SONGS OF THE WEEK

HOLINESS.

Tunes.—N.B.B. 89; or, Jesus Lover.

- 1 All my actions sanctify,
May to Thy great glory live,
If so poor a soul as I,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.
- Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart—but make it new!

Now my God, Thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back Thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
For souls to fight, for Christ to die.

Tune.—N.B.B. 210.

- 2 O Lamb of God, Thou wonderful sin-bearer,
Hard after Thee my soul doth follow on;
As pants the hart for streams in desert dreary,
So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life-giving One.

Chorus.

At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all,
To suffer, live, or die,
For Thy Lord crucified.

I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me,
And blackest darkness brought into my soul;
Now I renounce the cursed thing that hindered,
And come once more to Thee to be made fully whole.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing,
Destroy the works of sin, the self, the pride;
Burn, burn in me, my sins overthrowing;
Prepare my heart for Him—for Thy Lord crucified.

WAR AND EXPERIENCE.

Tunes.—Glory to the Lamb (N.B.B. 143); Land Beyond the Blue (N.B.B. 145).

- 3 I'm a soldier bound for glory,
I'm a soldier man, strong and true;
Come and hear me tell my story;
All who love the Saviour, come.

Chorus.

I love Jesus, hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes, I do;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

I will tell you what induced me
In the glorious fight to start:
'Twas the Saviour's lovingkindness
Overcame and won my heart.

When I first commenced my warfare
Many said, "He'll run away,"
But they all have been deceived,
In the fight I am to-day.

I'm a wonder unto many,
God alone the change hath wrought;
Here I raise my "Hallelujah!"
Hither by His help I'm brought.

Tune.—N.B.B. 232.

- 4 God is keeping His soldiers fighting,
Evermore we small conquerors be;
All the hosts of hell are uniting,
But we're sure to have victory.
- Though to test us they've been trying,
Our colors still are flying,
And our flag shall wave for ever,
For we never will give in.

Chorus.

No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't,
For we mean to have the victory for ever.

We will follow our conquering Saviour,
From before Him hell's legions shall flee;
Our bastions shall never waver,
They're determined to conquer or die.

From holiness and heaven
We never will be driven;
We will stand our ground for ever,
For we never will give in.

With salvation for every nation,
To the ends of the earth we will go;
With a free and full salvation,
All the power of the cross we'll show.
We'll tear hell's throne to pieces,
And win the world for Jesus;
We'll be conquerors for ever,
For we never will give in.

SALVATION.

Tune.—N.B.B. 237.

- 5 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth friends be few,
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

Chorus.

For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven,
Bpt, oh, may He lead you to go with me too!

I have a peace, it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew.
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

Tune.—N.B.B. 148.

- 6 Listen to the invitation,
"Come, ye weary, come to Me!"
Come, and you shall find salvation!
Will you not to Jesus flee?

Chorus.

You never can tell when the Lord will call you,
You never can tell when your end will be;
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain,
Come and get saved, and happy be.

Jesus loves you, do not tarry,
Hasten to His side to-day,
And, by faith on Him relying,
All your guilt will roll away.

Oh, 'tis madness to reject Him,
For, when you are called to die,
You will want a loving Saviour,
So in time for mercy cry.

Oh, this wonderful salvation,
Offered now so full and free,
Seek it ere 'tis passed for ever,
Reconciled to Jesus be.

SOLO.

By Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

Tune.—In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

- 7 A guilty sinner, I was swiftly sinking,
For I had broken heaven's holy law,
And grieved the Holy Spirit without thinking,
When on the brink of doom my guilt I saw!
My lukewarmness, my hollow, cold profession,
My worldliness and careless, prayerless ways,
I loathed, and contrite, kneeling in confession,
I scarce to heaven my weeping eyes dared raise.

Chorus.

In the Garden of Gethsemane,
Neath the shade of the dark olive tree,
Lo, the blood-drops of woe
From His precious brow flow!
Can it be that He pleaded for me?
Did He suffer for me on the tree,
That my trespasses pardoned might be,
Crying, "Father, forgive!" For My sake let them live,
Let them share heaven's glory with Me!"

I heard the voice of Jesus sweetly calling,
"Come unto Me, O weary, laden soul!"
I came to Him, and at His feet down falling,
He touched me with His hand and made me whole!

He leads me gently on each day, each hour,
By pastures new and green, with star and red;
He clothes me with His Pentecostal power,
And bids me shepherd lost souls to their God.

COMING EVENTS

The Commissioner

will visit

STRATFORD,

on

Sunday, June 3rd.

Meetings as follows:—

- 11 a.m.—In the Citadel. Holiness Meeting.
3 p.m.—In the Opera House. "The Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow of the Salvation Army."
7 p.m.—In the Opera House. "Shadows of the Cross."

The Commissioner will be accompanied by
Licut.-Colonels Pugmire and Gaskin.

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Kyte,

will visit

KINGSTON Sat. and Sun., June 2, 3.

WHO WINS?

Too late for last issue came the tidings that Mary Brown, of Amherst, N.S., accepted the S.-D. challenge of Nellie Thompson, of Winnipeg. It will be interesting to see how these comrades come off in their contest. Perhaps we shall be able to report next week.

WIDE-AWAKE FARMERS

will be glad to hear that our Immigration Department is prepared to furnish them farm help, in the shape of married men with families, capable of general labor or construction work. Apply at once to Brigadier Howell, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto.

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Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world? If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc. or have them do so. Address: Brigadier S. Howell, 16 Albert St., Toronto.